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Selections.

WORKING CLASSES' ASSOCIATION, BELFAST, IRELAND.

LECTURE ON SLAVERY BY THE REV. DR. MONTGOMERY.

THE Rev. Dr. Montgomery delivered the second public lecture in connection with this Institution, on Tuesday evening, January 25th, in the Music Hall. The subject selected for the occasion was "Slavery in Relation to God and Man—to Time and Eternity." The audience was highly respectable, although not so numerous as might have been expected from the high reputation of the Reverend lecturer, and the interest which the subject selected for treatment at present possesses. Among the audience were the Rev. J. S. Porter, Rev. W. M. O'Hanlon, the Mayor, Dr. Ferguson, Dr. Malcolm, James Heron, Esq., James Standfield, Esq., T. M. Gladstone, Esq., Surgeon Browne, R. N., &c. There was a large number of ladies present. The Chair was taken, amid acclamation, by the Mayor.

Rev. Dr. Montgomery, on rising, was received with loud and prolonged applause. He commenced his lecture by referring to associations of working classes, than whom he said, he was deeply convinced no other associations of human beings were more honourable to their members, or more likely to produce substantial and permanent advantages, to elevate the social condition of the great body of the people, and aid in the cultivation of their moral sentiments.

After stating that he readily acceded to the request made to him by the Committee of the Belfast Working Classes' Association, he said there were many in that room who knew that forty years ago he had, with his pen and his tongue, denounced the cause of Slavery, and his opinions were the same now as then (hear). He eulogised the late work of Mrs. Stowe, which had brought the matter to the minds of the working classes, learning its horrors and system of working. Referring to the reply of American ladies to the address of the ladies of England, he said it was evident from the tone of their answer that the rebuke had told; and he stigmatised the policy which sent missions to the idolatrous heathen, while they who sent them practised the idolatry of Mammon, in the midst of groans and tears, and in the thraldom of millions whom God's own Son descended from Heaven to redeem (hear). There was, however, some danger that, in the desire to point out the sins of others, they might overlook their own offences; and, although it was their glory that banished Slavery from every dependency of the British Throne, the petty interests of the trade, and the cheap indulgence in luxuries, had yet some influence in upholding Slavery in the States, in Porto Rico, in Cuba, and in Brazil (hear). To this inconsistency among themselves their attention should be directed. Slavery was the monster evil of the world: the word "Slavery," like many others, was very well understood, but not so easily defined. He believed it could be defined "the absolute subjection of one human being to the will of another human being, who assumes the right and exercises the power of brutalising his mind, torturing his body, exacting his toil without remuneration, condemning him to the basest uses suggested by the impulses of animal appetite, and selling him as a mere chattel to gratify the craving of infamous avarice or jealous caprice" (hear). There does not exist, he said, anything which more eminently deserves the appellation given to it by good old John Wesley of "the sum of all wrong and all villany" (hear). As to the origin of Slavery, the Reverend gentleman said that it was a matter of uncertainty whence it was derived; but that it was beyond doubt that the worst passions of our nature presided at its birth; the *auri sacra fames* waked it into life, and the lust of the flesh fostered it into vigour. There was reason to know that long before the Deluge

> "Man's inhumanity to man
> Made countless thousands mourn."

Nimrod, they were told, was a mighty hunter before the Lord, meaning that he was an oppressor of his fellow-men; Abraham had many servants, meaning slaves; Isaac and Jacob had many bond-men and bond-maidens, camels and asses; but Slavery, though it existed under the Jewish law, was regulated mercifully; mutilation of a slave by his master was sufficient to procure emancipation, and concubinage and polygamy were strictly prohibited. The Reverend lecturer then showed powerfully and convincingly the vast difference between the condition of slaves under the Jews and in the present time. He showed also that Slavery of the worst kind existed in the nations of antiquity most famed for their aspirations after liberty, remarking on the apparent contradiction, and supposing that perhaps the habit of vaunting about liberty dried up the sources of merciful or affectionate feeling in the breasts of men. As to the introduction of Slavery in modern times, he entered upon a most instructive historical sketch, from the subjugation of the aborigines of Hispaniola, by Columbus and his men, in 1492, to the present moment, mentioning that Captain Hawkins, the Admiral Hawkins of the British Armada, was the first Briton to engage in the trade for the purpose of supplying Hispaniola with negroes from the West coast of Africa. Queen Elizabeth, when she heard of it, spoke like a true woman, and said "it would call down the vengeance of Heaven;" but yet such is the striking inconsistency of humanity that, in 1588, she granted the charter of incorporation to a company expressly engaged in the capture of negro slaves. The horrors of the civil war fomented in Negroland among the native kings, for the purpose of making slaves of the vanquished—the burning of villages in order to make a prey of the fugitives—the transportation in the slavers of the period across the Atlantic were next referred to, and dealt with in a vein of exalted eloquence that sensibly affected many present. Spain, Holland, Britain, Denmark, and other countries were engaged at the time in the atrocious trade; and to Britain attached the stigma of being slave carrier to several of the others (oh)—but the early and long-continued delinquencies of which they had been guilty were subsequently nobly redeemed; and, although their transatlantic brethren might take offence at what might be said to them by the people of these countries on this subject, they could not employ the cutting retort, "Physician, heal thyself" (applause). William, the sailor King (cheers), in 1833, signed the *Magna Charta* of the slave, and from that moment there was not a slave breathing in any British dependency. The Reverend gentleman then referred to his birth five years after the achievement of American independence, and when the cabalistic words, "Liberty and Independence," were convulsing France. He well remembered the delight with which he read the declaration of American independence; he could well recall the impression it made on his youthful mind, and he remembered also that the first song he ever sung, and he could sing then (laughter), was a popular melody—one of the verses of which was as follows:

> "Now tyrant kings and preaching drones,
> The source of all our heavy groans,
> Down from their pulpits and their thrones
> Will tumble unlamented."

(great laughter). That declaration of independence contained, amid its beautiful and brilliant passages, one that especially struck him. It was, "All men are born free and equal" (applause). Yet they had the Southern States of the Union giving a practical denial to that glorious maxim, and the middle States, in a great measure, while the Northern States were, generally speaking, free from the abomination of what Thomas Carlyle, the stony-hearted, the sceptic, but not the infidel, called the "beneficent whip." The excellent man who framed the declaration of independence remained a slaveholder till his death, and General Jefferson, he had heard, was not only a slaveholder, but the father of slaves, and his blood ran in the veins of many who were yet in bondage in different parts of America (sensation)—and yet it was Jefferson who gave expression to the glorious sentiment, "What is morally wrong can never be politically right. I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just, and that his justice will not sleep forever" (applause). Referring next to the beautiful book of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, he said that that amiable lady had aided more than any other human being to expose the horrors of this human Frankenstein, and that she represented the facts as they existed, in connection with Slavery, in their true light and in their unexaggerated colours. Slavery, like vice, described by the Poet—

> "Was a monster of such hideous mien
> As to be hated, need but to be seen,
> But seen to oft, familiar with its face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The Reverend lecturer then proceeded to comment upon the arguments in favour of Slavery, especially the allegation that Slavery was sanctioned by divine authority; and he denied that man had any commission to degrade his fellow-man. After eloquently commenting upon this topic, he next commented upon the bearing of Slavery upon the bodily, intellectual, moral, and spiritual condition of its victims. They had only as much food and necessaries as we provided for our domestic beasts; endless toil was theirs, whether in rice swamps, the sugar plantation, or the tobacco fields, under broiling suns. They did not feel like us, that while we were working for our own masters, we were also working for our own benefit. Theirs was all hopeless work, hopeless toil, till death relieved them. The child was torn from the father, who could transmit no inheritance to his child but bondage, and subjection to be sold at the stump, and to be afterwards degraded by lustful pollution (sensation). Besides evils of exhaustion and over-work, there were the sufferings and cruelties which always followed in the track of irresponsible power—the hanging by the thumbs, the whipping-house where the hands and feet were attached to rings, and the body fastened to the floor, while the brute with the cow-hide exulted only when he saw the blood spot from the agonised back of his victim (increased sensation). Mutilation of slaves was allowed by the law, the brand of the slaveowner was burnt into the writhing flesh of the shoulder, arm, and even face of the slave (sensation). Oh, for a multitude of such men as James Standfield (cheers), to pull down this monstrous accumulation of demoralising wrong. The Reverend lecturer next alluded to the means adopted to capture escaping slaves, when they were shot without remorse, or set upon by bloodhounds; if they were not easily retaken, they were subjected to worse terror than that of death. He proceeded to refer to the laws which made it punishable, by fine and imprisonment, to teach a slave to read or write, and feared that these slaves might one day become another Samson, who, when the Philistines had pulled out his eyes, begged to be led to the hall where his persecutors were assembled, and prayed to God to give him a return of his natural strength, and having received it, he pulled away the columns which supported the building, and they were all buried in the ruins. Dr. Montgomery challenged, in very severe terms, the inconsistency of the slave Ministers of the States, who, while preaching to one set of people the necessity of Scriptural education, denied that right to the slaves; and no minister there dare preach the glorious truth of universal brotherhood and equality. To show the brutalizing influence of slave life, he instanced the case of a woman, Irish, humane, Christian, with as feeling a heart as any in that room, whose breast once heaved with indignation at the mere idea of Slavery, but who, after seven years' familiarisation with it, had become so changed, that she could then contemplate the condition of the slave without a tear. And there were many such cases. He next referred to the influences of Slavery on the children of those born free; and he related the story told by Captain Basil Hall of the young physician who, while living with a respectable widow in New Orleans, fell in love with a beautiful woman, and, afterwards, returning to his home with his lovely bride, was, at an inn, accosted by a venerable-looking man, who told him he had committed a trespass by taking away his slave. The physician was indignant; when the venerable man told him that he had married one of his (the old man's) slaves, and he was slave to command her back or to obtain a price for her. And who was this man? He was her own father (great sensation). He could not then detain the meeting with any reflections on the spirit of avarice which the slave institution produced—the thirst for the accumulation of wealth—the increase of inordinate vanity—the decadence of religious feeling—the hunger for the acquisition of territory, for the purpose of slave extension and production; and it was only for the instruction of the young men present that he would go into a few details which would show them in a historical point of view some glittering of the past and present condition of the slave question. Each State was allowed to frame its own laws with respect to slaves after Independence. Many slaves escaped to the free States; and when the slave-hunter came to free land, where the law did not give him countenance, he was scouted. Gradually, the Northern States became free, and the Southern States began to fear that there would be a general law enacted, making all slaves free. Many, then, in the Southern States sought to annex Texas to them, after its separation from the Republic of Mexico, in order that thereby they might be enabled to keep up a full supply of slaves; and though Wilmot, a gentleman of position, made a bold effort to make the possession of slaves a disqualification for any State to admission to the American Union, he was defeated. Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, to their disgrace be it said, in 1850, entered into the inglorious compromise known as the Fugitive Slave Law, which was the most disgraceful act, as it might be considered the last of their political lives. The general Congress had always evinced a marked disinclination to interfere in slave redemption; and under the late law, it was only necessary for any brute and perjurer like Legree to procure a false warrant, and thereupon a slave was brought before a low ruffian, called a Commissioner, who received a fee of ten dollars for conviction of a fugitive slave; five dollars if there were an acquittal; and the accused was not permitted to employ any professional assistance; he was not allowed to produce witnesses to prove his freedom; and there was no appeal from the decision of the low Commissioner. Besides, if any man afforded food and shelter to the fugitive, he was liable to be fined in 1,000 dollars and imprisonment for a year; and this was the law passed by perjured Senators; for perjured they were, when they thus trampled on the sacred rights of liberty, and consigned men of God's image to irredeemable bondage. And white men were as liable to be entrapped in these abuses; and many of them had been actually seized and condemned to bondage under the horrid laws of the States, which also condemned in a penalty any man in Boston and other places who did not assist a slavehunter in the capture of a poor slave who fled from the lash. Was it not a glorious and just retribution upon Daniel Webster to be condemned to endure the ignominy of being able to secure only twenty-five votes out of one hundred and fifty-seven, when he stood a candidate for the office of President of the United States, though he had gone over the whole Union canvassing in favour of that atrocious fugitive law (hear). He could not, from the lateness of the hour, dwell on the extent to which the slave power had degraded the Senate, the Bench, for with a few exceptions the Judges upheld the law, the merchants of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and above all the ministers of the living God—the earthly expounders of that Divine Word, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another." The ministers of the Church in America had lamentably failed in their duty—they had disgraced the church (loud cheers)—they had revolted against purity of religion, against liberty, against truth and justice; and hundreds of them had printed cartloads of sermons and tracts in advocacy of the ruffian system (loud cheers)—while some of them had even the audacity to place the laws of their States over the laws of the living God—the decrees of Congress over the decrees of their great Creator (cheers). He regretted to say, that an eminent divine, and one who, he blushed to admit, was an Unitarian minister, the Rev. Dr. Dewey, had said he would send his own son or brother to Slavery sooner than disturb the safety of the Union by abolishing Slavery (cries of shame). And this minister of Christ, who preached the Gospel, was just appointed to a high office (shame, shame)—the chaplaincy of the American navy—as he was just reminded by his friend, Mr. Standfield, as a reward for his advocacy of Slavery. These ministers, when performing a marriage ceremony between slaves (it was terrible to contemplate it), omitted the words "whom God hath joined let no man put asunder" (sensation). And the very clergyman who to-day married a slave, would the next day marry the same persons to another, although knowing, at the time, that the person was an adulterer (sensation). Thank God, continued the Reverend lecturer, there are many other ministers of religion who adhere to honesty and to religion, and do not hesitate to condemn the unholy practice. Among these were the Rev. Theodore Parker, and the amiable and talented Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the brother of Mrs. Beecher Stowe (cheers). He then took up the arguments advanced in favour of Slavery—that it was similar to Jewish Slavery—that it would be dangerous to the union of the States to abolish it—that the adjustment of the question was one of great difficulty, and others showing, in the most convincing manner, that the texts quoted in favour of the first argument were misrepresented, and proving that there was more danger to the Union to be apprehended from a continuance in oppressing the slaves than from the most liberal measures that could be proposed regarding them; and in reference to the argument that the question was attended with great difficulty was not so great as that it would not be overcome if people only applied themselves to the solution in the same earnest way in which they applied themselves to the devising of the infamous Fugitive Slave Law (cheers). The Reverend lecturer then referred to the progress of the movement for the Abolition of Slavery in the British colonies, which resulted in the compromise of £20,000,000 being given to the slaveowners as compensation; and to the great decrease in the production of the chief commodities which followed emancipation. He regretted, he said, to think we must still have this slave sugar, in order to minister to the desire for cheapness; for the maxim was too popular now, that we were to "buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest." On the same principle we should buy stolen goods as they were cheapest (a laugh). There was another maxim which said, "the greatest happiness for the greatest number;" but he would like to know were the Barings, for instance, and other capitalists prepared to part with their enormous wealth in order to have it distributed among the poorer classes, so that thereby the greatest happiness might be conferred on the greatest number (a laugh). He called on the people at once to reject all slave-produced sugar, at whatever cost, and sacrifice the gratification of the palate to the demands of humanity, religion and justice If there were no receivers, there would be no thieves; and if no slave sugar were consumed, no slave sugar would be made, and no slaves would be required to produce it. Our consumption of sugar, coffee, and tobacco, and rice, nerved the brutal arm of the slaveholder; but he declared before his countrymen, and before his God, that he would, during the period of his natural life, deny himself the use of any of these things, if, by so doing, he would save one slave from a pang, or arrest the arm of the slaveholder for even once. As to the cotton trade, as Queen Mary when Calais was lost, said it would be engraven on her heart when she died, it might be, that after all the cotton-factories of the present day had crumbled into ruin, its name would be found engraven on their monuments as the agency by which, while wealth and luxury had been created, there was also produced an enormous amount of crime (hear). He, for his part, would rather take the article at five times its price than take it stained with the life-blood of the human victim engaged in its production, and with the curse of Slavery attached to it. He would, then, appeal to the working classes, he would appeal to his working friends to labour in the cause of the slave, to have an abiding faith in the Gospel of the living God. There were those abroad who might tell them not to be Priest-ridden, and might exhort them to be free from the Slavery of Churchmen (hear, hear, and loud applause), but he implored them not to be seduced from the faith of the Gospel—to let nothing infidel intrude into their houses—let them be Christians and for Christ. Let the man, or toil be for him, and he would bless their labours; let them be for him, and he would bless them in the happiness of their families; let them be for him, and he would comfort them in the last hour, and when they would be walking through the valley of the shadow of death. He did not ask them to be of his Church or of his persuasion; he exhorted them only to be Christian. He did not beg them to hang by the husks and kernels of sects or creeds; he only begged them to attend to the kernel of religion; and, for himself, he would say that he would go along with any man, and would not ask him for his religion, but would battle by his side in the sake of liberty, and warring against infidelity in whatever shape it presented itself, to trample it in the dust. He begged of them to adopt this course—to adhere to righteousness, and justice, and universal freedom, relying on the faith of the Gospel, and thus secure for themselves the peopling of those mansions which the great Master of all had prepared for them in heaven. The Reverend and eloquent gentleman here concluded a singularly wonderful and eloquent address, of which the above is but a mere outline, and the delivery of which occupied nearly three hours.

The Rev. W. M. O'Hanlon proposed, and James Standfield, Esq., seconded, a vote of thanks to the Rev. Dr. Montgomery, for his exceedingly able and eloquent lecture, which, it is needless to say, passed unanimously.

The Mayor was then voted from, and James Standfield, Esq., to, the chair; and on the motion of the Rev. John Scott Porter, a vote of thanks was passed to his Worship for his conduct in the chair, the interest he had taken in the question, and the efforts he had made for its promotion.

The proceedings then terminated. — *Northern Whig.*

THE FRUITS OF FREEDOM IN A SLAVE COLONY.

THE Jamaica journals publish, by authority, an important return made to the legislative assembly of the colony, on the 27th January last, of all properties in the island of Jamaica, upon which cultivation has been wholly or partially abandoned since the 1st day of January, 1848; and showing the number of acres, the assessed annual value on the 1st day of January, 1848, the assessed annual value on the 28th March, 1852, the average amount of taxes paid annually for four years, prior to the 1st day of January, 1848, and the amount of taxes assessed for 1852.

The following is a recapitulation of the results shown by the table:

Sugar estates totally abandoned	128
Do. partially do.	71
Coffee estates totally abandoned	38
Do. partially do.	66
Pens totally abandoned	30
Do. partially do.	22
Number of acres abandoned	31,187
Assessed annual value on the 1st January, 1848	£98,430 19 6
Do. do. 29th March, 1852	65,221 19 6
Annual amount of average taxes paid for four years prior to 1st January, 1848	13,715 1 6
Amount of taxes assessed for 1852	7,284 11 7

While these facts present most painful evidence of the ruinous influence of Slavery, in disqualifying the population in which it prevails for the employments and the rewards of freedom, they also serve to illustrate the supreme wisdom of those inscrutable and universal laws, by which the errors and follies of men are made to vindicate the goodness and wisdom which dictated them.

The refusal of the coloured persons to work for the whites at 1s 1-2 and 1s 3-4 cents a day, when they can get a living in their fruitful country without such dependence, must inevitably lead to one of two consequences: Either the white must go into the sugar-fields and climb the coffee-hills, and thus make labour respectable and acceptable to the blacks, or he must sit, as he has been sitting for the past six or seven years, and see his plantation neglected and running to waste; ultimately to be bought perhaps under execution by some thrifty negro, at so trifling a price as to enable him, with his limited capital and imperfect knowledge, to cultivate it to advantage. By the returns which we quote above, it appears that the latter alternative has been embraced. The estates have been abandoned one after another for a succession of years, and in a corresponding ratio the number of African land-holders increased. In 1850 the number was not less than 100,000, which was one-fourth of the entire population, white and black, and considerably more than the entire white population. The continual abandonment of estates since that period, by the white proprietors, many of whom are absentees or purchasers under foreclosed mortgages, and all of whom are too proud to work and ashamed to beg, will tend to bring the best real property of the island more and more within reach of the African population, who can make it profitable in the same way that farms are rendered profitable in New England and Ohio, by the labour of their owners. The destiny of Jamaica, like that of Ireland, depends upon the extermination of absentee landlordism and attorneyships, and the surrender of the soil to those who are willing to cultivate it with their hands. In both countries the same process is going on with the same result. Real estate is becoming less and less valuable to the foreign owner, and falling more and more within the reach of the intelligent and industrious cultivator. The sales of encumbered estates in Ireland is hastening the emancipation of its industrial classes; a similar law might wisely be applied to Jamaica, for there is hardly an unencumbered estate to be found on the island which has not been sold within ten years under a mortgage foreclosure; and if every mortgage now on record there were at once foreclosed, and the property sold for what it would bring, it would be the greatest blessing which has befallen the island since the emancipation of its slaves. It would result in making two thirds of the property, at the outset, and in the end with still greater certainty, the property of coloured people land-owners immediately, and consequently voters, and eligible to any office or public trust. It would inspire them with the same ambitions and energies which distinguish the predominant races in other countries and would soon recover the wasting and neglected resources of this affluent island.

There is no hope for Jamaica until agricultural industry shall come into fashion, but that cannot happen so long as a controlling proportion of the landed interest is the hands of the whites, and the bulk of the labouring classes are of a different colour and race. The proportion of whites to blacks, however, is rapidly diminishing; the local political power is fast passing into the hands of the latter, with the land, and the prospect of better times for Jamaica seems to be not very far distant.—*Evening Post.*

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURE IN LEEDS.

[From a Correspondent of the London Inquirer.]

ON Sunday evening, the 16th instant, the Rev. Chas. Wicksteed repeated, at the request of the congregation, his eloquent lecture on the subject of Negro Slavery in the United States of America. The rev. gentleman gave a short sketch of the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause in this country, until finally "it was placed on the car of victory amidst the rejoicings of sovereign, and nobles, and people, the elevated, the learned, and the good, the patriot, the politician, and the philanthropist."

He then spoke of the United States, where, meantime, conscience was not dead. Encouraged by the example of this country, some firm and resolute men began to apply the lesson conveyed in it to their own condition. "These few prophets of the wilderness appealed to England for its sympathies. They said, 'You have spoken by example, and this entitles you to speak by persuasion, remonstrance, entreaty —we greatly need your aid.'"

But "we believed in human nature; we placed trust in the omnipotence of a good example; we were unwilling to hasten other men's arrangements, which we were assured they in good faith were making. In the meantime," we thought, "the native Anti-Slavery feeling was every year acquiring fresh force and influence, and the free States were gaining a numerical ascendancy in Congress.

"But alas! for these dreams and hopes. In September, 1850, there was introduced into Congress the Fugitive Slave Bill, lauded and defended by representative, senator, and clergyman. A cry more indignant, more widely extended, more sorrowful and rebukeful than had been raised by England since her own struggle was sent across the Atlantic." And now has come this wonderful book, which is not a fiction, but a parable. The voice of one crying, "Repent; prepare ye the way of the Lord: make his paths straight." I have not met with any person who has read that true tale without being moved to the heart's most sorrowful depths — those depths where the voice of God, and goodness, and conscience, is heard; and I hope I never may meet with such a person, for I should then assuredly know that I had met with one who had lost the feelings of humanity, and still more the feelings of piety and Christianity, and was buried in the degradation of an utter and immoral selfishness. But when the evil to be remedied is not among ourselves—when we cannot legislate upon it or directly interfere in it—then what can we do? I believe we may exercise the most powerful and salutary influence by sympathy with the labours of those on whom the task of removing the evil immediately rests. They are poor—they need our aid; they are persecuted —they require our sympathy; they are doubted—they ask our confidence At this moment there is in course of signature throughout our land an address of earnest and affectionate remonstrance to a portion of the United States people on this subject. I believe that every sincere, hearty, and well-timed expression of opinion on any subject, especially when it is on the side of truth, has its effect. We wish to strengthen the conviction of the evil of Slavery, of the duty and wisdom of emancipation where it already exists, and to create it where it does not. The only possible mode of doing this is by representation, argument, and persuasion. This is the method by which every great moral and social reform is effected. It may seem little to sign an address; but it is your voice—it is that by which you speak, and it will be heard a thousand miles off. If it is little, do more; but do not withhold it because it is little. I do not regard it as little; I regard it as a great thing. The world is full of voices; let me swell by one, at least, the number of those uplifted in the cause of God and man. If no one, who should be heard? If none but the blinded of interest and prejudice offer guidance, how shall those who are seeking for truth and right be led? It is sometimes objected "that the evils which we have to remedy are greatly exaggerated. Greatly exaggerated! it is possible they may be, and greatly extenuated too—but the exaggeration and the extenuation (and I certainly take the last to be quite as great as the first) laid aside, our business is with the certain, necessary, uncontroverted facts that remain. But even these some are inclined to doubt. They reason with the feelings with which persons return from seeing the system in actual operation, and who have not found it to be so bad as it was represented to them to be. No! because, perhaps, an exaggeration had taken place in their own imaginations, and they had supposed they should find every slave being flogged all day, and kept in chains all night. And because they have seen many of them on many estates free from the constant infliction of these sufferings, they think that a mild *admixture* of them, and the constant exposure to them, is a very moderate evil indeed. But, further, *do* all these travellers know, not the exaggerated, but the *actual* facts of the case, when they do come back? travelling as birds of passage through the Southern States, visiting the planters, and the clergy possibly, who make the best of the system, the existence of which is their condemnation and disgrace, having no opportunity of observing the actual daily life, knowing the actual secret hearts of these poor slaves, how are they in a position to know what are the facts of the case? Had these travellers spent as many hours in the huts of the negroes as they have at the tables of their masters, their accounts might be worth something more. What should *we* think of the inquirer into the condition of the mining population of this country, who took a mid-day stroll through the mines with the owner, and dined with him on the surface on his return?" The reverend lecturer then proceeded to show, from the testimony of recent travellers, such as Mr. Sullivan and Rev. Francis Bishop, and from the evidence of other well-authenticated records of the present state of negro Slavery in the United States, that it is bitter irony to exclaim, 'The system is improved! its evil is exaggerated!' "Oh! my brethren, let us at least, as worshippers of God, and disciples of Christ, beware of the more heinous sin in our own case of extenuation." The reverend gentleman then proceeded to show that the fears which were entertained by some persons respecting the dangers arising from immediate emancipation were proved to be groundless by the peaceable behaviour of the negroes when emancipated in our own West Indian Colonies, where they were far more numerous than the whites, instead of being far less numerous, as in the United States.

And "in rebuke of the ignoble fears of many of our own countrymen, it appeared from the statement of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, that already the products of emancipated labour is largely increasing, while that of enslaved labour is largely diminishing. That announcement ought to be printed and circulated over the whole earth, to re-assure the timid, and the worldly, who are numerous everywhere, that the right course is ever *the safest*;" others have objected "that we have enough to do at home, without concerning ourselves with other nations." We have. But we are not to neglect the cure of gigantic evils and wide-spread curses among our fellow-creatures within ten days' reach of us, until every tittle of the undesirable is removed among ourselves.

"No! when there is a nation that has freed every slave it possessed, and fined itself twenty millions sterling to do so with a better grace—when there is a nation, which raises itself up and puts into action all its machinery of inquiry, punishment, and remedial caution, if a single old man or woman among its twenty-six millions of souls is turned away in want from the parish workhouse—when there is a [illegible] when a parish apprentice has been discovered to have been ill-used, and commits the master and the mistress of a comparatively high station in society to the common prison for two years for their undue severity—when the most laborious inquiries are instituted immediately, whenever there is said to be an oppression, a cruelty, or a *neglect*, to protect even the free from the encounter of wrong, that nation *has* the right to speak for humanity, in other quarters of the globe, and to implore attention to its "claims." Besides, I think it is open to every man's observation that they who are the most earnest to redeem the wrongs of the slave are among the most earnest advocates of every other means of elevating and improving the moral and social position of those nearer to them."

We are happy to say that the amended petition against Negro Slavery, which called forth this eloquent appeal on behalf of its adoption, has been already signed by more than six thousand of the women of Leeds.

MRS. AMERICA ANSWERS MRS. ENGLAND.

THE Duchess of Sutherland—it is known—with a potent waive of her hand gathered together in Stafford-house ladies of birth and gentlewomen of station; and, there assembled, the ladies discussed and agreed upon an "affectionate and Christian address to their sisters of the United States of America;" a persuasive appeal to their sympathies and affections to vindicate the domestic power of woman, and so to break the chains of the American slave. American sisters were conjured by English sisters assembled in loving sisterhood in Stafford-palace to gently wipe out the accursed and cursing blot of Slavery defiling their homes; to charm away the ulcer eating into their social state. Well, sisters of America have answered sisters of Stafford-house. And how? Why, as might have been expected: with a "marry-come-up," and "it's like your impudence" style and air. The document, however, is not wholly feminine.

* * * It would be a very ill compliment to the sex to believe the answer the pure response of woman. To be sure, it smacks somewhat of *Lucy Lockit*, provoked by the self-asserting virtue and conjugal truth of *Polly Peachum*.

> Why, how now, Madam Flirt!
> If you thus must clatter,
> And are for flinging dirt,
> Let's try who best can spatter;
> Madam Flirt!

Now as *Lucy Lockit*—on especial occasions—has been played by a man; so, assuming the feminine guise, Jonathan answers for his sisters. The *Lucy* may wear the mob cap, tucked up gown, and black mittens; but we see the broad bold face of Paul Bedford staring from the muslin: and cannot mistake the masculine stride that distends the petticoats.

No matter. Let us assume that they *are* our sisters of the United States who make answer to Christian sisters of England. They reply by satire. Puckering their mouths and with a prolonged, laborious, curtsey, they begin by politely begging their English sisters to reform their husbands and brothers; wild, reckless, unscrupulous dogs, who carry fire and murder in Southern Africa, in Southern Asia, and the Southern Seas. Yes: English sisters ought to wind their arms about the creatures' necks —detain them from war—snatch their muskets from their grasp, and—with the teapot or anything at hand, deluge their ball-cartridges!

Sisters in America will not speak to sisters in England of the opium war in China; or of the horrors of Ireland. No: with a truly feminine self denial they swallow their indignation; put down the rising heart with a strong hand, and proceed with the catalogue. Sisters in America are so sisterly towards sisters of Stafford-house!

American sisters next assure their English kindred that their land is "filled with slaves—slaves to ignorance, slaves to penury, and slaves to vice." Mrs. America plunges boldly up a London alley, and drags to the light a wretched tatterdemalion child. 'Look at it!" she cries to Mrs. England. Can it read? Can it write? How does it live? Why, like a wild beast in a hole—though not half so sweet. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to own such a child. Pah! Look at its rags—look at its head—look at its feet—look at its hideous little face, with want, and cunning, and ignorance, all staring from its eyes—its young wolf's eyes! And you, Mrs. England, with thousands of such children, you —but I won't be in a passion, certainly not—you to talk of my black slaves; property as carefully looked after and as cleanly kept as your own mahogany tables—every bit! I'll keep my temper, but it is tarnation like your impudence to compare your white vermin of children—your *Jack Sheppards* of six, eight, ten years old, to my fat, glossy, comfortable little *Sambos*, black as marble and every bit as polished."

And then Mrs. America—wiping her fingers from the consequence of la e contact, and, with a shiver of disgust, giving her petticoats a shake—then she looks abroad in the streets; and sees, on the "authority of Henry Mayhew," whom Mrs. England "will not venture to question," no less than 30,000 costermongers, men and women; and not one-tenth of those who are coupled, married. "No," says Mrs. America, "the lawful wedding-ring—that bit of magic, holy gold—which gives, as you say, 'the sanctity of marriage with all its joys, rights, and obligations'—that bit of gold is unknown to one-tenth of them. Well, madam, when you have taken your costermongers to church, and, perhaps, in your brimming benevolence, have added to every couple a leg of mutton wedding-dinner—then tell me to make flesh of one flesh, and bone of one bone, of my black Topsy and Turvy."

Taking breath, Mrs. America next rolls her eyes towards Glasgow. "Look at your poor Scotch sisters: there are 60,000 of them, worn and starved in factories and at needle-work, on seven or eight shillings a week. Perhaps, madam, you never heard of our Lowell factory girls: although they wrote a book that has circulated by thousands in your own country, madam? To the new Crystal Palace, if you will send a Glasgow factory girl, in all her gaunt, grim penury, we shall be very happy to send a Lowell factory girl, in her silk gown, with her parasol and all.

"And now, Mrs. England, I shall say no more—not another word. But *this* I must say. I do ask you, as a woman and a sister, a wife and a mother, to bestir yourself in your own land. You are surrounded by miserable wretches. And though you may fling money into the church-plate—especially when a bishop, a ten thousand pounder in the House of the Lord, and a peer to boot in the House of Lords, holds forth—although you may subscribe to the 'Ark of Flags' lying in hospital, and twenty other charitable institutions, where is your charity of daily life? Do you not pass among your lower classes, your veriest poor and wretched, as though they were leprous—bleeched with disease? Things of a lower kind; animals made to drudge, even as oxen were worked to tread out the corn? Look at home, Mrs. England. Go down upon your knees; pray God to make a kind, gentle, loving Christian woman of you—I don't mean the Christianity that goes regularly to church with a footman of six feet two in his silk stockings, carrying the gold-clasped 'Service,' but an active, vital, household Christianity. Not a seventh-day Christianity—but a seven days' Christianity. Do all this, Mrs. England; and then pay me a visit. Yes, come and bring your *crochet* with you; and I shall be very happy to take you over my plantations, my farm, my house—and, more than that, to take your sisterly advice in the disposal of *my* niggers. Good morning." And with a short curtesy, and an icy smile that would blight a bed of snowdrops, Mrs. America takes leave of Mrs. England.

There can be no doubt that there is much truth in what Mrs. America is made to speak. But the moral destitution, the moral blackness of a thousand English outcasts, do not make five hundred free negroes of so many slaves. Very true is it that we have wretched, woe-begone children in alleys; that we have "illicit" costermongers; that our needlewomen have starved or, at times, anticipated death by a plunge from Waterloo-bridge; true that there has been grinding misery in factories; misery unceasing, remorseless as the machinery once set to work. But all this evil—all this degrading, crushing, woe, mocking—as with the mockery of a devil—our professions as a Christian people, all this is as nothing to the all-blighting curse and all-encompassing horror of slavery. There is something still left—some drop of comfort, some ray of light in this misery—this bitterness—this darkness where Slavery is *not*. We may not snatch one of those alley children from the dirt, and sell it like a young hog: we may not separate frail costermonger Joe from his frail companion Sal. Poor Sal may have a child at her breast and one or two at what they call a home; yet Joe and Sal are safe from the slave-buyer, and may love on and quarrel on, and their "young barbarians" may still dispute with the pigs on the dust-heap—no human flesh-dealer daring to cast his blood-bargaining eyes upon them. *This* is something. And this something—no small thing, surely, in this human life of ours, whether passed on Stafford velvet pile, or stiflingly breathed in Slush-lane—this something is still the ray of God's own light and justice, however foul and dark and woe-begone the place it penetrates.—*Douglass Jerrold in Lloyd's (London) Weekly Newspaper.*

ENGLISH ASSUMPTION OF THE PRODUCTS OF SLAVE LABOUR.

AT the Anti-Slavery Breakfast at Manchester, on Saturday, Mr. Josiah Browne expressed his satisfaction at learning, "that the demand for free labour goods is on the increase, and that as much free labour can be had from America and the West Indies as would suffice for all present requirements, and to spare." We can readily believe that the people of this country would not purchase slave-labour goods willingly, if at the time of buying they were accustomed to think of the labourers who produce the things that please their fancies, or suit their necessities. But it seems to us, that cheapness, with a great many, outweighs every other consideration, and that most frequently it is allowed to set economy totally aside. Else, why do we see numerous employers of half-starved tailors become rich by the sale of cheap clothes of inferior workmanship and inferior cloth? And why is poor Hood's *Song of a Shirt* not a poetical fiction, a mere dream of an active imagination? Nevertheless, we are positively assured that there is an increasing demand for free-labour goods, and this is confirmed by the anecdote, related by our correspondent "Observer," who was present at the Breakfast. "At its close," he says, "I heard the following question put to Mr. Josiah Browne: 'Is it not the case that some firms in Manchester stamp slave-grown cotton with the words, 'Free Labour?'" Mr. B. replied, 'Yes, that is the case.'" We need not say, that such firms commit a scandalous fraud upon their customers, nor that in selling slave-labour cotton, when the buyer wishes free-labour cotton, they are in no respects better than the slaveholders themselves.

Mr. Stowe, who seems to miss no point or aspect of the Slave question, has struck a blow at the Manchester accomplices of the slaveholding planters, and at their accomplices, who knowingly purchase their wares. She is speaking of the home traders in slaves, who, it seems are, even in America, universally despised—never received into any decent society, and she asks, "But who, sir, makes the trader? Who is most to blame? The enlightened, cultivated, intelligent man who supports the system of which the trader is the inevitable result, or the poor trader himself? You make the public sentiment that calls for the trader, that debauches and depraves him, till he feels no shame in it, and in what are you better than he?"

This argument reaches Europe, and, further it affects all who buy goods of American cotton. We have ourselves, independently of having first introduced slaves into the United States and the West Indies, encouraged it by our consumption of sugar and rum, and most enormously by means of our cotton manufacturers, and our export trade in cotton wool. We have not the statistics of these articles of commerce in a connected series, or it would, we are satisfied, afford a convincing proof of our guiltiness with regard to Slavery, to cont

ments of each reader, it has been received. As an individual, I should not have troubled you with any reply, but would have waited until I had found or made an opportunity of speaking in common with some considerable portion of the tens of thousands who feel and acknowledge the lady-like tone, the sisterly and Christian spirit of your admirable address, had not Mrs. Tyler undertaken to speak on our behalf. As it is, I hasten to repudiate utterly her claim to speak on behalf of the women of America. Believe me, ladies, the women of America are not all so unmindful of the Christian courtesies of life as to answer the gentle smiting of a friend with the Prince-Charles-Spaniel pugnacity which this little lady exhibits in her small reply. I, in common with millions of Americans, do utterly repudiate, and disown her little boast about the handful of corn which God in His good providence enabled us to send to poor Ireland. May that day be far distant when circumstances shall call for a return, but if it should come, we feel that the common Father will put it into the hearts of our British brethren to share with us of their abundance; and also that He will give us so much of the spirit of brotherhood as will enable us to receive their assistance and sympathy in the spirit of kindness, even as they did ours, not regarding it as an impertinent interference with their domestic affairs. That very bond of Christian brotherhood which gave us the right and made it our duty to minister to the wants of suffering Ireland, gives you the right, and makes it your duty, to sympathize with and plead for all those who suffer in our land.

If it be a duty of patriotism for us to resent as an insult your interference in behalf of the oppressed of our country, it must have been your duty to spurn our assistance for those whom Mrs. Tyler says your government has oppressed, and is still oppressing! Thank God this *duty* is one you utterly neglected, and the world presented the sublime spectacle of the British Queen and her benevolent subjects uniting with our President and people to repair the wrong done to these sufferers by the laws of England. Thus it stands according to the showing of Mrs. Tyler; and I can think of no stronger reason why you should now "come over and help us" to repair the wrong done by your ancestors and ours.

As for the gracious dismissal with which our little Lady Would-be-representative-of-the-women-of-America has favoured your grace of Sutherland, when she commissioned you on an errand of mercy to the poor of London, I would remind you that a similar wave of a jeweled hand and nod of a plumed head would have been quite as appropriate from Cæsar Augustus to one Jesus of Nazareth, when he traveled over his dominions, and sent out his disciples to heal the sick. Were there none suffering in Bethlehem of Judea, or the hamlets in which those fishermen were born? Was there no devils to be cast out in Jerusalem that they must go into strange cities to hunt up objects of benevolence? Finally, why should they or their successors "go into all the world to preach the gospel to every creature?" The Jews, their own brethren, were not yet converted. There are abundance of heathens in every Christian land; why go now to India or the Islands of the sea?

The history of the world presents many striking examples of God's advance guard, in one land, coming to the aid of his struggling forces in another, and lending their moral force to break down existing evils. I will name but one as connected with an epoch in the history of your country. A long time ago, the orthodox political faith of England taught that "the King can do no wrong." This maxim lay as a corner stone in the foundation of the throne; but when Charles II. "broke the Solemn League and Covenant" which he had signed at Sprey in 1650, the Scotch Presbyterians rebelled, or rather refused to acknowledge his claim as head of the church, thus openly taking the ground that the king had done a wrong—a wrong of such magnitude, that, if persisted in, he would forfeit his title to the crown. For this political heresy they were treated as rebels, outlawed, executed, and hunted as wild beasts upon the mountains. In that fearful strife of the political elements were my maternal ancestors driven from their Scottish homes to take refuge in Ireland. The State authorities continued an exterminating war upon these bold revolutionary spirits until they were reduced to a handful, and their last minister and leader, Rev. Daniel Cargill, who publicly excommunicated Charles II., in September, 1680, was beheaded. Then, in the words of our old church history, "After his death the church was left destitute of a regular ministry—but the spirit of the Covenanters was not, however, broken. They established among themselves a general correspondence—they commissioned the Laird of Earlstone and Sir Robert Hamilton, two learned and godly men, to represent their case to the foreign churches, and these commissioners opened a door, by the blessing of Providence, through which they received ministerial aid. The Rev. Richard Cameron, who valiantly contended for the faith delivered to the saints, and for the violated liberties of his much injured country, who fell at Airmoss, in 1680, had been ordained in Rotterdam for the Reformed Presbyterian Church. Mr. James Renwick was now ordained by the classes of Groningen. He was a man of remarkable piety, and commended himself exceedingly to those godly divines of the church of Holland—he bore an explicit testimony against the remaining corruptions of the Belgic church. Upon Mr. Renwick's return to his native country, his ministry was blessed as the means of refreshing thousands. He was at last put to a decisive proof of his faithfulness. He continued unmoved in the hour of trial. He was condemned and executed on the 27th of February, 1688, in the 26th year of his age, and 6th of his ministry. He is the last person who suffered death in Scotland on account of religion; the last martyr to the Covenanted Reformation."

In that same year the Scottish Convention passed a decisive vote that "King James, by his abuse of power, had forfeited all title to the crown, and that it be conferred on the Prince of Orange." The English Parliament decreed that "King James II., having endeavoured to subvert the Constitution by breaking the original contract between the king and the people, did abdicate the throne."

Thus a fundamental principle in the government of Britain was subverted, and the constitutional liberties of the people secured fully by the aid of the "godly divines of Rotterdam and Groningen," while Mr. James Renwick, notwithstanding the press of business at home, took occasion to expostulate with the Belgic Church. I have yet to learn that the English people resented this interference on the part of their Holland neighbours, or that the Belgians exhibited "proper spirit" in resenting Mr. Renwick's meddlesome zeal; yet certainly each one had more to do at home than he could possbly get done. Renwick might have found an abundance of sins and sinners to reform in his own Scotland, without going to Belgium, and if the Holland divines had confined themselves to the affairs of their own parishes, would it not have been quite in accordance with the enlarged Christian views of the lady who has undertaken to speak for the women of America? Nay, according to her rule, I cannot see how the benevolent of a city can organize in a city for the relief of the general distress of that particular city. Does it not require that each one should confine his or her labours to the immediate vicinity of his or her dwelling, and if one should learn the existence of a case of starvation in the next square, he must make no effort to relieve it until he has called at every house contiguous to his field of operations. Then, it would come next in order to learn if that particular case did not come under the jurisdiction of somebody else, and if it did, he must "mind his own business."

In this matter of "interference" then, I ask you, ladies, to believe that Mrs. Julia Gardner Tyler's pert reply to your address is *not* the voice of the Women of America.

Moreover, I am well convinced that few American women, capable of reading and writing, are so ignorant of the affairs of your country as to think press-gangs are still employed there. The general impression here, so far as I can learn it as an editor of a newspaper, is, that Mrs. Tyler never wrote a line of the address which bears her name. It is evidently the production of her husband, a man whom a most afflictive dispensation of Providence once placed in our Presidential chair, and who belongs to that narrow-minded class of American politicians who never can see past their own noses, and who are so deeply impressed with a sense of their own imbecility, that they imagine everything around them partakes of their own weakness. If a leaf rustles, they are seized with a fit of shivering, such as this reply to your address exhibits, and forthwith conclude, like Puss in the nursery tale, that "the world is falling."

This Tyler letter would have you believe your Brother Jonathan is such a puny child there is great danger of his life, if you open a door and let a current of outside air blow upon him. Trust me, ladies, this is a mistake. Jonathan is a fine sturdy boy, worthy of his rosy-cheeked, hale old mother, and if he has an ulcer on his breast, he has nerve to bear the probe, and a fine constitution to outgrow it.

I freely acquit you, ladies, of all hostile intentions towards our Government, but if you were ever so much intent upon mischief, we would not be at all afraid of all the women in England, and the men to boot. The only enemies the United States have to fear, are those of their own household. If our Confederacy dies, it will be of disease of the heart, not from wounds inflicted by a foreign power; and if it were not so, it would require a more guilty conscience than dwells in any honest American bosom to convert your friendly faces into the aspect of an exterminating foe. It is the interest of England and America to be friends, and friends they will be; but in view of our exceeding greatness as set forth in this Tyler manifesto, and the profound ability which it displays as ready for our defence, I think we may take natural rest, even if the husbands of "the Countess of Derby, the Viscountess Palmerston, the Countess of Carlisle and Lady John Russell" should be concocting gunpowder plots innumerable. We will just employ Johnny Tyler to keep an eye on their Lordships, and the Union may put on her night-cap and go to sleep.

Forgive me, ladies, that I thus dwell upon this small retort. I do so deeply feel the insult of being thus spoken for, on account of my domestic duties rendering it inconvenient for me to speak for myself, that I cannot sufficiently resent the assumption of self-appointed masculine proxy, who uses the name of his pretty, fashionable wife to libel his countrywomen. No true American would thus meanly dwell upon your part of the sin of our common ancestors, after your frank and candid acknowledgment, and tens of thousands of us do fully acknowledge your right and duty to remind us of our sins. We claim the same right to stir up your minds by reproof if the spirit should so move us.

Your poor "ye have always with you," and whensoever you can, I trust you will do them good; and, dear sisters of England, when you shall look upon the most destitute of all the 100,000 houseless poor of London, remember that even she has a right to run away—that her feet are her own, and if she can succeed in using them to bring her to a better place, there are no United States Marshals to drag her back, while millions of your *well-fed* brethren and sisters—the children of Our Father who is in Heaven—dare not fly from their "meat twice a day and bread without stint" upon pain of being brought back to the *well-filled* board by the fang of the bloodhound's jaws. I would appeal to the world, if, while you give the gem from your hair to light a smile on the face of breadless poverty, you are not also bound to give the better charity of a Christian sympathy to those whose lives are so embittered by cruel oppressions that they brave death in any form flying from bread and "meat twice a day," with all the endearing ties of domestic life? Remember them, I conjure you, ye high and low born dames of England and the civilized world. When you hold your children in your arms, and listen to the new-formed accents which lisp out "mother," remember, then, the poor American slave who looks upon the face of her first and last born—upon *all* the childish faces of her love, and feels, within, every moment of her life, that not one of them is hers—that each little foot and hand and dimpled cheek are valued at so much per pound in the inventory of another's goods and chattels. Remember the millions of American women whose chastity is the lawful prey of every man with a skin not coloured like their own. Bear their sorrows upon your hearts, and carry them, perseveringly, to their Father and to your Father—to their God and to your God. Peradventure He will hear you, and look from His throne in the heavens to "hear the mournful groan of the prisoner, and free them that are doomed to die"—doomed not so much to premature physical dissolution as to the gradual and irreparable death of the soul—to a compulsory ignorance and moral degradation irreconcileable with the Christian's hope.

Mrs. Tyler, as spokeswoman for us all, would have you believe your sympathy is quite wasted upon a class of people peculiarly blessed with every requisite for happiness in this life, and that which is to come. Your knowledge she thinks derived from some dealer in fiction. If this is so, you have a very imperfect perception of the realities of the system of Slavery as it exists in this Union. No fictionist would venture to give such a picture as any of you may see in the statute books of the slave States. These forbid all persons, on pain of fine and imprisonment, teaching a slave to read. They make the slave property to all intents and purposes, just as much as your carriage horses are property, and give him less protection from cruelty. They justify the taking of his life in cases of insubordination or attempt to escape. No work of fiction gives so true and unvarnished a picture of the plain facts as the "The White Slave." In "Uuncle Tom's Cabin" there is only Cassy's tale which goes down into black abyss of the dark places of the system. Throughout all the other parts of the work the author spreads between you and her true history a silvery veil of immortal hopes—a halo of heroic endurance which brightens the slave picture, and lies like sunshine in a grave yard. In the every day reality it requires a spiritual vision to discern this brightness even when it does really exist.

I am a native of Pennsylvania, and so am one of those "women of what are called free States," who "have no more to do than yourselves with" the peculiar institution. That is, I am one of those who are taxed to hire marshals to catch slaves, and to bribe Commissioners to adjudge any one to be a slave who may be claimed as such, and if the point were once decided that women are "good citizens," I should be liable to be called upon at any hour to assist in carrying men and women into bondage. As it is, I am subject to enormous fines and long imprisonment for feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, or giving the houseless a night's shelter or a day's work. All this I am at the demand of those who say to you that I have no more to do with Slavery than you have. All my personal knowledge of the system is derived from a less than two years' residence in a slave State.

There I became acquainted with a lady "to the manner born," who used to tell me her causes of sorrow. One of these was, that she had brought her husband a large fortune, which he had squandered in common with his own, and reduced her to comparative poverty. A second was, the loss of a waiting maid, a wedding gift from her grandfather. This girl she described as beautiful, "tall and straight as an arrow," with finely moulded form and delicate features, hair which fell to her waist in natural ringlets, and large, soft eyes. The mistress was very proud of her little maid, but once during a short absence of the wife, the husband and master had, by whipping and threatening, compelled the girl, then ten years old, to become his paramour. For four years she kept the girl in her family, knowing the relations she sustained to her husband, and also knowing they were wholly involuntary on her part. She looked to her mistress for protection from her master's brutality, and according to that mistress' own account she had endeavoured to protect her, but in vain. Then, to use her own words, "I got I could not bear her in my sight, and she got saucy, so I sold her to go down South with a lady, and only got seven hundred dollars for her. Two years afterwards she was up here with her mistress, and she had grown so tall I hardly knew her—as fine a looking girl as ever you saw, and they said she was easy worth two thousand dollars."

This is a brief history of number two of Mrs. ——'s great and incurable sorrows. Number three was, that a bachelor uncle had died intestate. She had been his favourite niece, and he had always promised to give her two boys—"two as beautiful boys," she assured me, as ever I "had set eyes upon." They were his own sons, their mother a mulatto slave whom he had compelled, by imprisonment, starvation and stripes, to become his mistress. She had resisted almost to the death, because she loved a fellow slave whom she wished to marry. The masters's vigorous courtship prevailed, and she became the mother of the "two beautiful boys" who were to have been a legacy to Mrs. ——. She died of consumption while her children were quite young, and their father had loved them very much. It was his affection for them which had prompted his *benevolent* intention to give them to his favourite niece; but death came suddenly, and they were sold and divided with the rest of the estate.

The lady who told me these particulars of her family history was a regular member of the Methodist Church, a praying woman; and her quivering lip and clenched hands, as she spoke of these matters, left no room to doubt the truth of her story, even if it had not been corroborated by all the circumstances of her life and the testimony of others; yet this woman defended the institution of Slavery with as much zeal as Mrs. Julia Gardner Tyler, and with precisely similar arguments. She was a native of Kentucky. Her whole life had been spent there, and she had no conception of any other state of society. She felt personally injured, but was quite unable to trace that injury up to its true source, while the strange jumble of ideas in her mind about the unprotected state of female slaves—her bitter hatred of them for its consequences—her religious valuation of a soul, and money account of loss and profit in disadvantageous sales, proved the most perplexing psychological riddle I ever attempted to read.

From the parlour windows of my boarding house was visible a brick dwelling which awakened my curiosity. No white ladies ever called at the door or passed in and out. A substantial-looking gentleman went in and out regularly at dinner time, left the house in the morning and came back in the evening. A large and very ugly negress was often visible at windows and doors, or came out on the pavement in the evening with three or four light mulatto children. Upon inquiry I was informed that the master of the house was a bachelor merchant, and the woman his mistress and housekeeper; the children his, and that they would be sold as they grew up.

Within two squares of that spot was the residence of one of the wealthiest men in the city. His family lived in great affluence, and every one of his three legitimate daughters owned, as a waiting maid, her half sister. The three slave daughters were by far the handsomer trio of the group, and many were the anecdotes related of mistakes made by stranger guests in addressing the maid instead of the mistress, for the family likeness was so striking that one familiar with the father's face would have recognised any of his six daughters. The mother of these girls had been sold South on account of the jealousy of her mistress.

In my first boarding house was a servant, a woman of seventy-two years of age, and the mother of twelve children, all living for anything she knew to the contrary. *All* had been sold from her, and she knew not where any of them were. She belonged to a lady—was part of her own private fortune, set apart for pin money, and held independently of her husband. The lady owner hired her to the lady mistress, who claimed her services for one hundred and seventy-five dollars a year. The old servant caught cold sleeping in a cellar kitchen beside a cooking stove. An inflamation of the eyes succeeded, and for a time she was totally blind, and, so far as I could judge from the symptoms, apart from her complaints, must have suffered intensely. For some weeks she was unable to work, and, as her wages were running on, the temporary mistress became impatient, thought she feigned more than she felt, could work if she pleased, although her eyelids were tightly closed and frightfully swollen. She spoke of sending her to the workhouse to be whipped, but, as my sentiments were familiar to her, and she thought this might appear harsh, she concluded to wait and send for the owner to see what could be done about the wages. I was in the visiter's parlour when the lady owner arrived, and as the mistress of the house was anxious to appear in a favourable light, and moreover thought herself very merciful, the matter was discussed there in my presence. The hostess, Mrs. A., was in a handsome silk morning dress, with lace cap and etceteras; the visiter, in a superb satin, with rings and chains, blonde and flowers, in superabundance. I sat and listened to these graceful ladies, two of those "women of the Southern States," whose province it is "to preside over the domestic economy of the estates and plantations of their husbands—to *visit the sick*, and to attend to the comfort of all the labourers upon such estates." I sat and heard them gravely discussing the propriety of sending this bereaved grandmother, sick and blind, to the city workhouse with an order for twenty lashes for neglecting or refusing to work for more satin, chains and rings, to decorate the amiable lady whose property she was. It was finally concluded that three weeks' wages should be abated, and if the employer did not compel her to do her duty, the loss must fall upon her. The swelling abated in the old woman's eyes, and she was not whipped.

When I told Mrs. A. how horrible it appeared to me to hear the other insist upon the whipping, she excused her upon the plea that all she had to depend upon for her own personal expenses was the wages of six slaves. Her husband never gave her a dollar for dress or pocket money: "and "niggers" were so deceitful and so lazy. It was quite impossible to know when they *were* sick.

At our second and last boarding house, a *genteel* establishment of rather aristocratic pretensions, there was an old gentleman who was boarding out the wages of a very vicious and repulsive looking young negress who belonged to him, and for whose services he received two hundred dollars per annum. She used to pass in and out of his chamber at any hour of the night or day, as a male servant might have done, and nobody appeared to trouble themselves about it except that privately the ladies pronounced him a wretch, and smiled upon him at table as though he had been a saint. All his property consisted in a few slaves who were hired out and whose wages he collected.

We went to housekeeping and were at a loss for a servant. My husband, once making inquiry for one, was informed by a gentleman that he had a wench for hire, a very good house servant; he could have her for $200 a year, "but," he added, "you would have to horsewhip her yourself about twice a week, for that wife of yours could do nothing with her." In this he alluded to my smallness of stature, and want of commanding appearance. A Southern woman could have done at least one half the horsewhipping. The man who made this proposition was a native Kentuckian, who stood about six feet three in his boots, with the grandiloquent air which our womanwhipping chivalry are apt to assume. As it was made, he took his thumbs out of the arm-holes of his satin vest, withdrew his havanna from his teeth, brushed off the ashes, and took out his gold lever to see the hour. The man to whom he made it is a Pennsylvanian, over six feet, with the muscle of a practical farmer. Of course he declined the honour of horsewhipping a woman a hundred and four times to compel her to earn two hundred dollars to buy cigars and gold chains for her chivalric master.

Within a stone's-throw, and in full view of our door, stood the residence of a wealthy merchant, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, who owned a number of wretched, ragged, half-starved looking slaves. One of them, a boy of about ten years, wore an iron collar on his neck all the time we knew him. It had a projecting front and back, and a round iron rod was bent over his head and made fast at each side, which stood up like the bail of a kettle. He used to play around our door, and we could not ascertain how he could rest his head in lying down. This was kept upon him to prevent his running away.

An Irishman named Murphy, with the assistance of "a friend," beat his slave man to death in an old stable, on a public street, in daylight. The cries of the victim attracted the attention of passers by, who stopped, peeped through the crevices, and passed on. The circumstances, as delineated to us, were most horribly revolting, for he continued beating the body after life was extinct, and jumped upon it until the head and trunk were crushed flat, and the brains spread on the floor. They buried the body, settled up business, and the second day left, after which the authorities offered rewards for them, but they were never taken. This case got into the newspapers: and all this occurred in Louisville, Ky., in 1839. In that state "Slavery exists, in its mildest form."

Just about the time of the Murphy murder there was much talk about another Irishman, a bachelor merchant, who took advantage of the pecuniary difficulties of a native farmer to compel him to sell a slave daughter, "Maria," a tall, bright quadroon, whom he had educated for freedom. The purchaser brought Maria to the city, and established her in a well furnished home; but she refused his conditions of peace and plenty—"meat twice a day and bread without stint" so long, that his patience as suitor was worn out. He tried a bread and water regimen, keeping her locked in her chamber and employing an old negro hag as jailor; but still she spurned his suit. He brought his clerk to help him to bring her to terms, and together they bound and scourged her until she was dripping with blood; but she was only aroused to phrenzy, and fearfully swore she would take her own life or his at the first opportunity, if he made her more than his servant, which she was resigned to be. The whipping was repeated again, and again, but the neighbour women had got into the secret, and made a disturbance about it. Then he sent her to the work-house as a disobedient slave, and had her whipped by the public officer; but the case had been reported to some ladies who were aroused to compassion. They went to see her and the master thought best to accept the offer of one to buy her. A lady from Louisiana purchased her and took her home.

It was in this same city, during that brief residence, that I heard a preacher tell in the pulpit, as an illustrative anecdote, the story of the old slave who was whipped to death on a drunken wager, by his master and a companion, in the vain endeavour to compel him to deny his God ond Saviour. There I saw another old dsciple covered with scars received as a punishment for going to prayer meeting. He was a native of Pennsylvania, entitled by her law of emancipation to freedom at the age of twenty-eight, but fraudulently sold into perpetual Slavery. This story of his birth made his purchaser sell him, to escape loss; the next did likewise, and the next, and the next, until he was sold eight times, and always, except once, to good masters. That exception had crippled him for life, in his insane drunken rage, that his servant should worship the God whose existence he denied. The pathos of his story exceeded all I have ever heard, of natural eloquence, as amid uncontrolable bursts of emotion and floods of tears, he told, in half sentences, of that trial time. Once, when he stopped, overcome by the memory of the cruel lash and his fainting under it, he bowed his head and choked back his sobs, then suddenly turned his face upward, removed his old ragged hat from his white head and spoke with more connection: "But I tell him, 'bless de Lord, Mar's, I do love Jesus, and will go to meeting'"—then quickly added, "but it's all ober now. I hope de Lord forgive him; he was drunk, crazy. I free now, and goin home wif Missus Jenny to old Virginny." He had been taken to Virginia when a child, and Missus Jenny was his master's daughter, and he had been given to her as a part of her marriage portion; but her husband sold him by stealth, and when *I* saw him, a worn out old man, his highest conception of earthly happiness appeared realized, that he had found Missus Jenny, and was to end his days with her.

My account has outgrown all my plans, but still I must add something about the *warm clothing*, which Mrs. Tyler says the negro is furnished with. I have seen on the streets of Louisville, when the Ohio river was frozen over, dozens, if not hundreds of bare-footed house-servants—old women—following their fur-clad mistresses with a basket or parcel, and their bare feet on the frosty pavement, or very often a pair of old boot-feet slipped on their toes, sandal-fashion, and no stockings or outside wrap of any kind. This one might see any day. The feet of master's old boots appeared to be Dinah's principal dependence for winter shoe leather. I saw three slaves, one a little girl, the property of a very pious Baptist lady, whose feet had been so badly frozen that part of their toes had fallen off. It was nothing uncommon to see their feet cracked and bleeding with the frost.

Once I was in a dressmaker's room where a tall and handsome mulatto woman came in and asked to see her dress. It was shown to her—a very showy affair—she was delighted, and took from her bosom one dollar and a half and handed it to the dress maker, Mrs. W. saying that day-after-to-morrow she would bring the balance of the money and get the dress. Mrs. W. enquired where she got the money, fearing she had stolen it. She answered quite readily, "Oh no! I got it from men, you know, and mistress has given me leave to go out to-morrow evening and then I'll get the rest."

I knew the girl as "Amanda," the nurse maid in an apparently wealthy and professedly pious family—had often admired two beautiful children she used to walk out with, and could not restrain an exclamation of surprise at her unblushing avowal. She appeared quite to compassionate my ignorance and answered, "Oh la! mistress, 'taint nothing for a coloured woman!"

To what I now feel to have been my silly attempt to make her see her sin, she still answered:

"'Taint' nothing, for a coloured woman—no body don't mind it. It's different you know from a white lady! What should I do? Hav'nt got no other way to get clothes. Ain't that the way in your country? Oh sakes, 'taint so here—ladies here don't mind it. They know we must!" &c., &c.

When she went out Mrs. W. assured me it was all true so far as her experience, in fifteen years' business, had gone. Slave women depended upon prostitution for dress, especially those who were hired. The law only required the employer to furnish one or two course suits in the year, and the negro love of finery was gratified by undisguised street walking.

Now, ladies of England, Anglo-Saxon sisters, is the fruit of that tree planted by your ancestors and ours. Shall you not now aid us to girdle the deadly Upas? Shall a Jewish Christ bring redemption to a Gentile world? Shall His English and American followers carry the glad tidings to the Chinamen and Malay, and the daughters of our fathers look coldly on our struggle for God and humanity, without once bidding us God speed?

Fear not that your gentle words of sisterly remonstrance can result in evil. That very class of Americans who, with Mrs. Tyler, plant themselves upon their dignity, are those most sensitive to the opinions of the world. It is they who, pretending great love for republican simplicity, fawn upon European titles, and run crazy after foreign Counts and imported airs and graces. They cannot sit unmoved under the reproof of England's aristocracy. Their souls are made on too small a pattern—their consciences are too ill at ease. You have the power to aid in bringing them to a knowledge of how they stand in the light of a world's liberty. You have your own souls to wash from the fellowship of your sisters' sins, and future generations will remember you with honour or condemnation, as you discharge or neglect your duty to the suffering and oppressed of all lands.

JANE GRAY SWISSHELM.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

**** All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†‡† Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1853.

BUSYBODIES IN OTHER MEN'S MATTERS.

WE think the Great American People are fast becoming seen and known of all men. At least, if they are not, it is not because they are not ready enough to expose themselves. Their pretensions to love of liberty and to zeal for religion are being brought to tests, which make them the jest and mockery of the rest of the world. Time was, and that not long since, when what was done in America was done in a corner. Big as we thought ourselves, we occupied a very small place in other people's thoughts. A moderate proportion of the trading world knew something about our means of promoting a profitable commerce with themselves, but "the rest of mankind" thought and cared very little about us. It is not altogether the same now. A traveller does not often meet well-dressed, if not well-educated, English people who think that the bulk of Americans are black, or who wonder at an American's speaking English intelligibly and ask for a specimen of his vernacular tongue. And yet these things were, not more than forty years ago. The growth of the country, the extension of our trade, the increase of our wealth, and our gradual growing up into a first-rate Power, have made us objects of new interest of late years. The tide of emigration has set in this direction—the discovery of the California gold, the hordes of American travellers which every year precipitates on the shores of Europe, and many other circumstances, have helped to press us more distinctly within the field of European vision. Still, there is abundance of ignorance in regard to us; even more (and that is saying much) than is to be found on this side as to European affairs. For Europe is nearer to America than America to Europe. But two facts are now patent to all eyes, Liberty for White Men loudly bragged of, and Slavery for Black Men openly defended as a good, or cheerfully submitted to as a necessity.

Now the inhabitants of Europe may be a very inferior race to ourselves, they may be controlled by oligarchies, and ridden by priests, in a way totally unknown to us, for we have the assurance of eminent orators and publicists to that effect. But, then, the Light of Nature is not totally extinguished even in their benighted minds, and they are not altogether fools. They do not know, generally, how the Slavery of the Blacks has absorbed and swallowed up the Liberty of the Whites, or what a perfect Nonentity the General Government is, for all purposes except the comfort and sustaining of Slavery. Even the privilege of writing and printing these words is enjoyed not under the sanction of the National Government, but of a Northern State. For the General Government has not the power (though it is a duty imposed on it by the Constitution which creates it) to perfect Liberty of Speech and of the Press in one half of the country. But they can see the absurd inconsistency of the two Ideas thus placed in juxtaposition. They can see that a Free and Independent American citizen selling, whipping, branding, hunting, shooting and working to death men and women, whom, in their ignorance, they cannot see to be naturally inferior to himself, is a spectacle which is only saved from being ridiculous by its bloody cruelty and horrible wickedness. And their braggings and boastings of their superiority to the inhabitants of the Old World only excites just contempt and deserved ridicule. Now, be God thanked for this! It is a most penetrable joint in the triple mail of self-conceit in which Jonathan has ensconced himself, at which the shafts of the ridicule and contempt of the civilized world are aimed. Thanks to Mrs. Stowe and to Mr. Hildreth and to all others who are emptying the quivers of the world at that cleft in his armour!

Of all nations the Americans are the most vain, and therefore they are the most open to assault. None are so sensitive as to their character and standing or more jealous of their social position, and so more liable to be attacked through them. The outcry which the Stafford House Address has raised throughout the country is proof enough of this. And, surely, nothing could more effectually give the lie to the old cant that it was the harsh language and bad spirit of the Abolitionists which prevented all well-disposed Americans from coming forward incontinently, and abolishing Slavery out of hand. Opposition to Slavery, certainly, could hardly assume a milder form. If gentleness of expression could make the subject-matter palatable, that Address was as gentle and as little exasperating as words could make it. And, yet, Garrison himself could hardly divine a form of denunciation that should rouse such a unanimous roar of indignation and reprobation from women as well as men.

> "Heroes and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
> And base and treble voices strike the skies."

And why is this? Simply because there are no such tuft-hunters and toad-eaters as your genuine Americans. Rebuke from Duchesses and Lords is more than they can stand. It touches them in the tenderest point. It comes from a quarter from which they had looked for comfort and support. Anti-Slavery in Coronet and Ermine is an adversary they cannot wink out of sight or refuse to recognise as a respectable antagonist. They see in it a foretaste of that World's Contempt and Indignation before which Slavery must at last disappear. They cannot but see that it is new fuel heaped upon that narrowing circle of fire which has been built around the Scorpion they have warmed in their bosoms into deadly vitality, and which must at last compel it to bury its sting in its own brain and thus escape, by a glorious suicide, from the still growing torments of its life.

But contemporaneously with the continual protestation against this interference with our affairs which we maintain, we incessantly provoke renewed attention to our incongruities of profession and conduct. The English women may not interfere with our Domestic Institutions, but we have no scruple about interfering with the Grand Duke of Tuscany. We hold Public Meetings to protest against his punishing two of his subjects for having a Protestant Bible in their possession, and our Secretary of State, by direction of the President, writes to His Imperial Highness a letter of remonstrance. Suppose Lord John Russell, by request of Queen Victoria, had addressed a Letter of Remonstrance to President Fillmore against the incarceration of Captain Drayton, what an uproar it would have caused! Or, if he should suggest some movement for the deliverance of the millions shut up in our prison-house of Southern Bondage, how would the blood of the whole nation be at fever heat! And yet the Grand Duke has only imprisoned one man and his wife for reading the Bible, while we forbid its use to three millions of husbands and wives. We, as a nation, profess to believe that the knowledge of the truths contained in the Scriptures is essential to Salvation, and that all not obtaining them must go down to eternal woe. The Grand Duke, on the other hand, holds that the reading of the Protestant Version is fatal to the souls of his subjects, and therefore he corrects those of them who meddle with it. He is, at least, consistent. He would hold back his subjects from the jaws of hell, while we thrust our slaves into them—all the time telling him to stand farther off, for we are holier than he!

And we are not content with meddling with what is none of our business in Tuscany, but we extend our impertinence to France and try to be even with England, too. Here we have had Mr. Meagher, the Irish patriot, in whose honour we have been holding meetings, and whom we have been congratulating by the hour on his escape to this land of Freedom, where he is sure of protection and encouragement—so long as he does not intermeddle with our pet iniquity. And all this interlarded with diatribes against English tyranny, and gushing tributes to Ireland's wrongs. Now, we should like to know what all this is but Foreign Interference—a Meddling with what is no concern of ours. Has not England as good a right to govern Ireland as she thinks good as we have to control our slaves, and have we any call to suggest that she does not do it in the best possible way? And this, not done with deferential gentleness and modesty, but with noisy harangues stirring up the worst passions of international hatred. And when two Frenchmen came from Cayenne, whither they had been relegated for obeying the Higher Law rather than M. Bonaparte, a Meeting was called in Boston by Rufus Choate and others to express sympathy with them and indignation against the Constituted Authority of France. After all this, we hope that we shall hear no more girding at Stafford House and Lord Shaftesbury, for it is clear that we are in the same boat with his lordship and her Grace of Sutherland. And we trust that, encouraged by our example, Europeans, Asiatics, Africans and New Hollanders, civilized and savage, Christians and Heathen, will not cease to cry aloud and spare not, rebuking us to our face, and exhorting us to turn from our wickedness and live.—E. Q.

LIBERTY PARTY STATE CONVENTION.—This body convened last week at Syracuse, and continued in session through one day and evening. An address to the members of the party was presented by Gerrit Smith, in which the principles of the organization are re-affirmed, and an earnest wish expressed that the Free Democracy will assume the same ground of equal rights to all mankind, without distinction of sex or colour. A series of Resolutions were also reported, of which this synopsis is given in the *Syracuse Star*: that "it is not a civil government, but piracy which upholds Slavery; that leaving dram shops to multiply madmen and paupers is failing to protect the subjects; that Landholding should be restricted; that not only 'no North, no South' should be known, but no colour nor sex; that whoever acquiesces in any encroachment upon the right of trial by Jury is a traitor thereto and unworthy of their votes for any offfice; that 'we are happy to know' every effort to convict under that law has failed; that to sentence Enoch Reed would be a judicial proceeding so disgraceful and mean as to excite the deep scorn of the world, and the deeper scorn of posterity; that if any more of the rescuers of Jerry are put on trial, they shall not deny the charge, but put the court and jury to the responsibility of deciding whether they will defy the living God, by punishing, as crime, deeds of justice and mercy; that they rejoice at the increased circulation of Douglass' paper; that the recent outrage upon that accomplished and worthy man, Prof. Wm. G. Allen, and the general acquiesence, not to say general rejoicing, in this outrage, are among the fearful evidences that, on the subject of Slavery, the deeply corrupted heart of the American people is past cure; that the division of sects among Christians is the greatest obstacle to righteous civil government; and that every nation which submits to the reign of God will be blest with a government whose principles shall be truth and justice."

The address and resolutions were discussed at length by Gerrit Smith, Frederick Douglass, Antoinette Brown, and others. Mr. Douglass proposed an additional resolution, that the U. S. Constitution does not sustain Slavery, which, we suppose, through the brief report of the *Star* is not quite clear on this point, was adopted, as that is a fundamental principle of the party. The reporter of the *Star* was, apparently, betrayed into a confusion of ideas upon this subject and upon that of *shaving*. No doubt the speech was clear enough, and the topics kept quite distinct, though the reporter mixes them up by saying that Mr. Douglass thought it a "great obstacle in the way of the Anti-Slavery cause, that it was considered that the only exodus of the slave lay over the ruins of the Constitution. The American People regarded the abolition of the government as a greater evil than Slavery. Once, negroes had a monopoly of all the shaving. But now white men usurped that business. They must learn useful trades. If they did not make themselves important to society, there would not be regard had for them. But prejudice stood against them, and hindered this. It was a Christian duty to overcome such a prejudice." The "once negroes had a monopoly of shaving" was, without question, whatever the reporter may have thought, the opening of another subject, and was not intended by the speaker as a reference to the Anti-Slavery construction of the Constitution.

On the resolution relating to the 'Jerry Rescue' trials a debate ensued evidently of a good deal of interest. Mr. Smith spoke at length. He declared that the conduct of the Court at Albany has passed even that of Jeffries himself.

Rev. Mr. May (says the *Star*) followed, confirming the statements of Mr. Smith, and declaring that at this present period the right of trial by jury was in imminent danger. There had not been trial by jury in the Jerry trials. A trial by jury is trial by one's peers, yet Enoch Reed was tried by a jury of white men. Women ought to be tried by a jury of women—coloured men ought to be tried by a jury of coloured men. This should be allowed till there was allowed equality of blacks with white, and women with men.

Mr. Smith cited Mr. Waggoner, a juror in the case of Enoch Reed, who declared to him his deep regret at consenting to the conviction, and avowed that it was solely produced by physical exhaustion; also another juror who made a similar confession. The resolution upon that subject was adopted.

The resolution relative to future rescue trials being called up, Mr. Smith declared that he was glad of the acquittals; but that if they had boldly faced the matter as contemplated in the resolve, he would have been much more rejoiced. He hoped Brother Crandall, if tried, would seek no such alternative. He would have taken that course himself, and be himself and Brother May were responsible rescuers of Jerry.

Mr. May said that when examined at Albany in the trial of Salmon, the District Attorney remarked to him, "you know all about it;" to which he replied he did, and if put upon trial would tell them all about it. Mr. May and Smith eulogised the lawyers who acted for the defense.

Mr. C. A. Wheaton would not prescribe to the accused the course they ought to pursue. Perhaps he was not ripe for martyrdom.

In the evening the case of Prof. Allen, the coloured teacher in McGrawville College who was recently mobbed because suspected of an intention to marry a white woman, was considered, and an indignant resolution passed in relation to that outrage. Mr. Douglass commented upon that public opinion which has no pretext for the indiscriminate and illegitimate commingling of colours at the South, but is horrified at a fearful marriage between a coloured man and a white woman.

LYNCH LAW IN GEORGIA.—A correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from Washington, communicates to that paper the following particulars of an outrage perpetrated a few months since in the State of Georgia. As such acts as these are rarely heard of, except by accident, at a distance from the place where they occur, it is quite fair to presume that those very often occur which are never heard of:

> A Mr. Houston, a young man of dissolute habits, who had the reputation of being a hard task master, visited one of his plantations—an Island some distance from the Main Land. After an absence of some days, his friends became alarmed and proceeded in search of him. No tidings could at first be heard, the negroes all denying having seen their master. At length, on a promise of reward and pardon, one man confessed that his master had been murdered, and that he was buried in a certain spot.
>
> The body was found in a mangled condition, and five men, who, upon examination on the spot, were considered the criminals, were forthwith removed to Darien, the nearest city having a jail.
>
> Had these men been *white*, the case would then have been *legally* investigated; but it was at once decided that the gentlemen in the immediate vicinity, all men of high standing, and many of them immensely wealthy, should form themselves into a jury and decide promptly upon the guilt or innocence of the unfortunate negroes. The verdict was "Guilty," and sentence of "Death" was passed by the Mock Tribunal.
>
> Pending these proceedings, the Judge of the Circuit, residing in Savannah, proceeded to Darien, accompanied by one or two able lawyers, in the hope of putting a stop to such illegal proceedings; but finding he had no influence, he returned, and the men were afterwards hung by one of the leading men in the county.
>
> Though all the parties implicated are known, the State Attorney has not arrested them, nor has the Governor of the State, who is privy to the circumstances, offered any reward for their apprehension, as is usual in like cases.
>
> Some persons think that the Judge, who is a candidate for re-election to the Bench, will not, at the next Term of the Court in Darien County, have the courage to denounce the proceedings in his charge to the Grand Jury, well knowing that all were implicated in the discreditable affair.
>
> I have obtained these facts from two Georgians. Their statements did not exactly agree, but I have confined my narrative to such particulars in which there appeared no discrepancy.

"UNCLE TOMITUDES."—English papers state that the proposed tribute to Mrs. Stowe has been cordially responded to in every quarter. The Ladies' Negroes' Friend Society at Birmingham seem to be the responsible party in this movement.

——A correspondent of the (London) *Daily News* writes from Moscow that:

> "The celebrated 'Uncle Tom,' that remarkable negro who has already encountered so many strange adventures, continues his course through the world. In Russia he is becoming known through the medium of a very negligent translation of Mrs. Stowe's book, and enjoys a great reputation. The police do not interfere, although the circulation of the work remains as yet unauthorized. In Russia, you are aware, enfranchisement is the order of the day; perhaps this has somewhat to do with the non-interference of the officials.
>
> "As soon as the first copies of the work arrived, there were so few of them that they made the tour of the town, being let out to hire for two hours at a time, and thus passing from one hand to another of the Muscovite aristocracy. Trusty servants were sent from house to house with them wrapped up in silk, or batiste, with as much care as a new-born infant, and hidden in a little portfolio. To-day thousands of 'Uncle Toms' circulate in the capital, and I am informed that a very distinguished man is at this moment engaged upon a good Russian translation."

——"AN ITEM FOR MRS. STOWE."—Under this title the *Richmond* (Va.) *Republican* quotes the following from the *Fredericksburg Herald*:

> "Had Mrs. Stowe witnessed the funeral of Mayor Semple, one of its features would have taught her wisdom, and, may be, inculcated a spirit of charity in her breast towards us in regard to our coloured population. In the rear of the procession, and dressed in as shining silks and pure broadcloths as the most favoured, marched a company of blacks, male and female, numbering near one hundred. They came of their own accord, took position, and were as deeply afflicted with the loss the town and themselves had sustained, as any other class who participated in the sad and solemn obsequies of the day."

The same paper, in another column, gives another "item" or two of a different sort, which, as they happen to be facts and not assertions, pictures of every-day life and not of life on exceptional occasions, are also deserving of consideration. They read thus:

> NO PASSES.—Alfred Johnson, in the service of the Messrs. Hargrove, was ordered ten stripes for being in the street on Sunday night without a pass.
>
> George Brown, the property of John L. Ligon, received twenty stripes for having no pass.
>
> Wm. Heath, hired to Mayo & Atkinson, was flogged for failing to get permission to leave home.

——'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is the name of a new Anti-Slavery paper just started in Providence, R. I.

WM. W. BROWN.—A Leeds paper, of a late date, states that Wm. W. Brown had just delivered an Anti-Slavery lecture in that city. He gave a sketch of "the system of Slavery as it prevails at the present time in the United States, and, as he was able to illustrate his statements by facts occurring in his own experience as a slave for upwards of twenty years, they made a deep impression upon all present. He showed, from the passing, in 1850, and subsequent operation of the Fugitive Slave Law, that, instead of advancing, the United States were retrograding on this important question; and called upon the people of England to enter their protest on all suitable occasions against that atrocious system which not only fetters, but enslaves the minds, of all who are its unfortunate victims. Mr. Brown brought forward many instances, for the truth of which he could vouch, to show that the charges brought against Mrs. Stowe of exaggeration in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' were entirely unfounded, and that her description of slave life and its results in the Southern States of America were true to the life. He concluded a most able address, marked throughout by a moderation of tone which, when we consider how much he has suffered from the system he was denouncing, cannot be too highly commended, amidst the loud applause of the audience. The Rev. T. Adkins, in moving a vote of thanks to Mr. Brown, which was carried by acclamation, contrasted the state of feeling at the present time in this town on the subject with that which prevailed some years since, when the public mind was first directed to the existence of West Indian Slavery with a view to its abolition, and when the Town Hall, at a meeting held to discuss the question, was packed by a large party, including a great number of the gentry and clergy, opposed to any interference with the system as it then prevailed. We are glad to hear that Mr. Brown has consented to deliver two more addresses here in the course of the following week. The more public attention is directed to the matter, the better, and no one can more ably or faithfully depict the horrors of Slavery than one who has spent so many of the best years of his life in the midst of them."

AN EXCELLENT DECISION.—An action was brought in the Brooklyn City Court, last week, against one Coffee, an omnibus-driver, by a coloured woman for assault and battery. The complainant entered the omnibus of which the defendant was driver, who, when he discovered, after driving some distance, that she was not perfectly white, ordered her out. On her refusing to obey, he resorted to force to compel her to do so. The Jury found the accused guilty of the assault and battery charged, considering that his defence, that it was the order of the proprietors of the line not to allow coloured people to ride inside their stages, amounted to nothing.

HON. HORACE MANN will accept our thanks for a copy of the 2d Part of the Patent office Report, on agriculture. We are indebted also to Hon. S. A. DOUGLASS, of the Senate, for a copy of his speech on the Monroe Doctrine; and to HON. CHARLES DURKEE, of the House, for a pamphlet copy of Mr. Everett's Address at the Annual Meeting of the Colonization Society.

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

Lewis W. Paine in Connecticut.—Mr. Paine—better known as the author of "Five Years in a Georgia Prison" than as a lecturer—has been holding meetings recently in Bridgeport, Conn. A correspondent there—D. E. Rathbun—writes that he lectured there three evenings. At the close of his first lecture "a gentleman arose and requested him to speak again the following evening. This second lecture proved so edifying to the audience that the same person arose again and requested the sense of the meeting relative to Mr. Paine's lecturing another evening in the city.

"The expression being warm and unanimous, Mr. Paine consented to stay; and if the expressions of the people by deep and earnest attention and frequent applause are any criterion, he has done a good work here, and, to say the least, has left the most favourable impression.

His expositions of the hypocrisy, double-dealings and duplicity of Politicians and the Clergy, and his answers to the objections to the Cause were triumphant. There was a deep and heartfelt interest in them, and a bold and fearless spirit."

Mr. Paine, the *Liberator* says, is about to go to Philadelphia, and will lecture there and in that vicinity.

Politics in New Hampshire.—A correspondent in New Hampshire writes thus of the state of feeling in that State on the question of Slavery:

"Our annual election is near at hand, but politics are on rather slack water. At the late Presidential election, the pro-slavery mania had seized upon our Hunker politicians with great violence, but the crisis seems now to be past. Many even of the Hunker Democrats say they won't catch 'niggers' for anybody—that they can elect to office whom they please without the votes of slaveholders—and that the South may look after their own Peculiar Institution as best they can. There is an undercurrent of Anti-Slavery which at some time may sweep away the rubbish intermixed with the affairs of Church and State, and then the pioneers in the cause of Emancipation will be held in due regard, and will receive the plaudits of the good and true all the world over."

A **Correspondent** in Knox Co., Ohio, says, in a private letter: 'We have just had some lectures round here by J. W. Walker. Though his views on Anti-Slavery are ultra, his lectures were remarkably well attended and very favourably received. Not long ago a man could not open his lips against Slavery in these parts without subjecting himself to the greatest abuse, and the most disgusting forms of persecution. Now the people will come in greater numbers to hear an Anti-Slavery lecturer than almost any other.'

Mr. Walker is a most efficient, zealous and indefatigable lecturer, and the change of feeling in that part of Ohio is no doubt owing, in a measure, to his labours. We believe he rarely visits any locality without leaving behind him a better state of public opinion than he found on entering it.

☞ The Grand Jury of Westchester Co., Pa., have found a true bill against Thomas McCreary, of Elkton, for kidnapping Rachel Parker, and Gov. Bigler has sent a requisition upon the Governor of Maryland. Gov. Bigler, probably, will learn the difference between a requisition for a kidnapper and one for a fugitive. We doubt if he finds his brother of Maryland so complying as himself.

☞ The King of Prussia recently presented to Ira Aldridge, an American negro actor in Berlin, a gold medal with an autograph testimonial—a distinction, it is said, only accorded to persons of the highest distinction in their profession. Such has been Mr. Aldridge's success in Berlin that it has been followed by invitations to appear in the theatres of nearly all the German Capitals. Will not Mr. Everett instruct our Minister to the Prussian Court to remonstrate against such a reflection as this upon peculiar institutions?

☞ The Washington Letters report the following list as the final selection of President Pierce for his Cabinet:

Hon. Wm L. Marcy, N. Y., Secretary of State.
Hon. James Guthrie, Ky., Secretary of the Treasury.
Hon. Robert McClelland, Mich., Secretary of the Interior.
Hon. Jefferson Davis, Miss., Secretary of War.
Hon. James C. Dobbin, N. C., Secretary of the Navy.
Hon. James Campell, Penn., Postmaster-General.
Hon. Caleb Cushing, Mass., Attorney-General.

ADDRESS

TO MRS. EX-PRESIDENT JOHN TYLER AND OTHERS.

I quote the following from your recent reply to the address of the Women of England to the Women of the United States, on the subject of your peculiar and domestic institution—"Negro Slavery."

"We prefer to follow our own conception of what is "proper for us to do. Our eyes are turned across the "ocean, not in the direction of England, but of Africa. "The footprints of our policy are seen in the colonies "there established, already become independent States "—in the voluntary emancipation of slaves by our "citizens as preparatory to emigration to Africa. * * * "Thus we seek to retribute the wrongs done by England to Africa, by returning civilization for barbarism—Christianity for idolatry."

An enquiry naturally suggests itself:—Have your operations in these respects lessened Slavery or mitigated the suffering of the slave in the United States? I answer, they have not; on the contrary, you endeavoured to increase the slaveholding interest in the legislature, by the acquisition of slaveholding territory, and you have succeeded. You have increased, by legal enactments, the difficulties of your citizens emancipating their slaves. You have obtained from the Legislature "a fugitive slave law," which can hardly be reconciled with the oft-repeated statements of slaveholders, that the slaves are happy and contented, and do not desire their freedom. In 1790, the slave population of the United States was under 700,000, it is now 3,000,000 to 4,000,000; you have thus increased the legacy of slaves left you by England, five-fold; by England, did I say! no, they were enslaved by laws made by Americans, your ancestors. Slavery could no more properly exist then under English law than it can now. And be it remembered, that those laws were made by Americans in violation of the charters granted by England to her American colonies. In 1782, 10,000 slaves were set free in Virginia, but this happened before the Colonisation Scheme came into operation or the present legal obstacles had been thrown in the way of emancipation by the Christian legislators of America—your fathers and your husbands, over whom you, the women of America, have such influence. But if the women of England have no right to interfere by giving advice in the domestic affairs of the United States, I should like to know what right you, the women of the United States, have to interfere in more than the merely domestic affairs of the African people. You will suffer no intrusion of advice, forsooth, on the subjects of religion, or morality, in relation to your domestic institution, and you say, look at home—physician heal thyself. That the *argumentum, ad homenem* comes with more dreadful force against yourselves, I think the following will sufficiently show. They are your own arguments, turned against yourselves, but with increased cogency and truth. You little dreamed, good, pious woman, when you were using them, that you were cutting a rod to whip yourself and your good sisters. Some of your arguments you will see to be ridiculous and absurd, in the mirror here held up to you. The Women of Africa see or fancy they see, that this interference of yours in the affairs of another Continent is got up, instigated, and encouraged by slaveholders and those who are in their interests; it is moreover supported by the political press. I must in all frankness declare to you, that this interference of yours in their domestic affairs is incompatible with all confidence or consideration for them. They consider it an interposition especially in matters with which you have nothing to do, and that it will only excite disturbance and agitation. In their own views of religion, the Women of Africa, for the most part, are well educated; and in points of morality, they will not yield to the Women of the Southern States; and they would be stupid indeed if they did not possess as keen a sense of Right and Wrong. Your country has indeed become great and powerful, but has it been by the power of example, or by the power of the sword? Let your wars of extermination, waged against the Indian tribes, and your diplomatic relations, and wars with neighbouring States, testify. The example you have set the world, and the poor heathen, is not that of a free and prosperous people, where all artificial distinctions are unknown, and where preferment is equally open to all: The African and his descendants you have enslaved, you hold him in the most cruel bondage, and deny him every privilege which you acknowledge to be the birthright of man. The Women of Africa see all this, and they thoroughly comprehend the fact. If such is the condition of their people in your midst, and if such is the treatment the Indian tribes received from you, how vigilant ought they to be, to guard against such fatal results, and to look with suspicion on all interference by the people of the United States in their domestic affairs. Your oppression of their race is quite as thoroughly known by them as by you, Women of the United States, and therefore you should not be in the slightest degree surprised at the suspicion with which this interference of yours is regarded by all the thinking women of Africa. There is but one possible way of destroying the hopes and aspirations of the people of Africa, and to this have you given your attention; you have contributed large sums of money, not given as the emanations of your own susceptible hearts, but at the instigation of the political and religious press, which affects a mawkish sensibility on a subject with which it has properly nothing to do, and all for ends which every reflecting person cannot fail to understand, namely, the extermination of the free coloured people from the soil of America—to which they have just as good a right as you have yourselves—especially from the slave States, where their presence is so disagreeable, by making the slave population discontented and unhappy. Nor is the suspicion in any degree removed by the fact on which you predicate this interference, viz.: the wrongs which you and your race have inflicted upon Africa in times past, by the African slave trade, and by affording a market for the sale of slaves, to every adventurer who would drag their people by force from their shores. We are aware that neither your sense of Justice nor the horrors of the middle passage were sufficient to convince you of the wrong, until you found that every African imported into America proportionately lessened the value of the home-raised *article;* to remedy this, you laid a duty upon the importation of slaves, but finally, finding the tariff insufficient for your purpose—you know the object of tariffs—you abolished the foreign slave trade altogether, and ever since you have enjoyed in the market of the United States a monopoly of the slave trade and you have reaped from it a rich harvest of profits. You are now, sympathetic creatures as you are, horror stricken at the voice of the slave dealer on the shores of Africa, but the voice of the slave dealer at Washington, Savannah, and New Orleans, is perfect music in your ears, because it is the music of gold told into your coffers, and all the South dances with joy at the pleasant sound. Yes, Women of America, you are right in ascribing a large amount of the immorality and crime in the present condition of Africa to the people of the United States. We say, therefore, to you, that this interference on your part comes laden with suspicions when you allude, as the groundwork of your interference with their domestic and religious institutions, to the fact of your own former criminality.

Had the United States possession of the broad acres of the African continent, as she has of the American—and who knows, in her onward progress to extend the area of slaveholding territory, how soon she may look in the direction of Africa—could we expect from you any better treatment than that to which you have subjected the native Indian tribes, and to which you subject the African race in your midst? *Steam is conquering distance, and Africa will be brought nearer to your shores, with each revolving year,* and who can foresee the results? You want, indeed, to give Africa your religion and your civilization. What! a civilization that enslaves, and a religion that will not let the oppressed go free, that refuses to remove the yoke from off the neck, that makes merchandise of the bodies and souls of men! what is this better than the African already possesses? You represent him as barbarous and uncivilized, without religion, without God. No more than you are—*a calumny more false was never uttered.* So far from it, they have their places of religious worship, which are numerously attended by the people; there they are instructed in their respective duties of master and slave. It is true the forms and ceremonies of their religion differ somewhat from those of the religion of the ladies of the United States, but has it a more depraving influence in relation to the public and private sentiment of Justice and Humanity? Besides, whatever it is, it is their affair and a thing with which Americans have properly nothing to do. Your tears are made to flow freely over the sad and melancholy privations of the people of Africa, to whom you represent the bread of life as denied. Such an assertion, however, could only have been derived from some dealer in and retailer of fiction, who is totally unacquainted with the real moral condition of the African people as compared with the people of the Southern States. Whatever doubts may exist with regard to the condition of Africa, there is one incontrovertible fact in relation to the United States, and I would recommend it to the consideration of Mrs. Ex-President Tyler and her compeers of high and low degree, that there are three and a-half millions of slaves, in their professedly Christian land, denied education, denied civilization, denied religion, except so much of it and such a kind of it as suits their masters' interests; that the people of the States have the power to emancipate them, to give them the bread of life, to allow them the advantages of their boasted institutions and civilization; but that all these are most scrupulously and tenaciously withheld. How does this happen, it would be well for you to enquire. Doubtless, some of your distinguished husbands, or perhaps some of your "*suitable pastors of the church,*" can give you explanations, as such, as will content the sort of Christians and Christian politicians who are on your side of the Atlantic. *The Crocodile, good sisters of America, is said to cry most piteously over the evils that afflict Africa, but woe to the unhappy traveller who is beguiled by its tears.*

I have thus attempted to deal candidly with you in disclosing some of the grounds of the suspicion which, in the estimation of many, attaches to your proceedings. I will go farther and inform you that it is better for you to abstain in future from all possible interference in the domestic concerns of other countries. In this respect, the Women of Africa have not troubled you much, however cruel the treatment you inflict upon "YOUR NEGROES;" they have never on such occasions intruded themselves into your domestic circles, to deprive you of any gratification which it may have afforded you. In the first place, such interference would come with ill grace from either of you, and can be received with no favour. In morals, they consider themselves quite your equals, and therefore it sounds harshly in their ears to be admonished by you of their sins. There is a proud heart in the African breast which rebels against all usurpation on the part of others, no matter to what race they belong, or however white may be their skin. Manage your own affairs as best you may, and leave them to manage theirs as they think proper.

I will point you to the true field of your philanthrophy. In view of your stately mansions there is enough to excite your most active sympathies; look to the Southern plantation, the dreaded hell of the American slave; your large cities are teeming with a population as depraved and criminal as any found in Africa. While these exist among you, you have no right to cast your sympathies upon Africa. Go, my good Mrs. Ex-President Tyler, on an embassy of mercy to the American slave; give him that liberty which you appreciate so much for yourselves, and then cast into his lap the superflux of your wealth which has been wrung from his unrequited toil. Did I say go to your own slaves? that you will not do; to the heathen in other lands you will go. There are Bibles, and gospel, and civilization for him, but none for your own worse than heathen slaves; and why? because that is an American affair; it is an affair connected with your own ease and luxury, and by which you have your wealth. It would imperil, forsooth, the very existence of the free, independent and Christian Republic of the United States. What freedom, imperial freedom; yes, the poor slave may toil and labour, and stretch his heartstrings until they crack, and yet the good ladies of the South will express no sympathy for him; they will in no event disturb themselves with the past, present or future condition of the slave, except with the dread of his future emancipation; we see, therefore, no reason why you should leave *your own negroes* and your own criminal population, and take your seat beside the negro on the fertile plains of Africa. If you are not horror-stricken at the highly coloured picture of human distress so frequently witnessed among you in the separations of husband and wife, parents and children, under *your system of Negro Slavery*, a thing, by the way, of rare occurrence in Africa, and then attended by peculiar circumstances, you will in vain leave your own land to seek elsewhere for a more cruel or unjust exercise of authority on which to bestow your sympathies. Should the slave husband resist, should he refuse to leave his wife and little ones, there are fetters for his limbs. If he should talk of America's proudly boasted liberty, there is no liberty for him. The Declaration of Independence, which declares all men born free and equal, is mockery, and the Constitution a farce, so far as he is concerned.

I reason not with you on the subject of the domestic institutions of Africa. Such as they are, they are theirs. "They fear the Greeks, though bearing presents." Never was adage more applicable. Though professing friendship and sympathy, they cannot consent that the United States should mix herself up with their concerns. They prefer to work out their own destiny. Where she can do the African race good, she gives no relief; they ask for bread, she gives a stone. Under her policy and laws, they become property, and constitute a large portion of Southern wealth, and you will allow no intrusion even of advice as to your individual property rights; yet you desire to meddle with African affairs, to introduce a religion and civilization among them which you say will put an end to Slavery; but the African mind is not so obtuse as to be led into the belief that what you esteem as right and good in America, you ever regard as a dreadful crime with them—that the slave trade can be so immoral, and so opposed to the civilization of Africa, while it forms part and parcel of the religious civilization of the United States. If it be a crime they say, first cast the beam out of your own eye, that you may see clearly to take the mote out of theirs. You have shown considerable resentment by being addressed on the subject of your domestic affairs by the ladies of England; and why should not the ladies of Africa feel and show equal resentment by being interfered with by you? They are content to leave you in the possession of your religion and your peculiar institutions, and they insist upon the right to regulate their own without your aid. They pray you to bear in mind that *the Golden Rule of life is for each to attend to his own business and let his neighbour's alone.* This rule means peace, love, friendship; the opposite means hatred, ill will, contention; it destroys the peace of neighbourhoods, and is the fruitful source of discord among nations.

We must also say to you frankly that they regard the United States as an indifferent adviser on the subject of Negro Slavery or the Slave Trade. The African wants no such laws and no such religion as you have in the South. They prefer to follow what is their own conception of what is proper for them to do. It is not to you they would look for religion or civilization; their eyes would rather turn in the direction of England; they see the footprints of her religion and her policy on her colonies; she has given liberty to the slave; she has let the oppressed African race go free; nor has she formed any scheme to banish them from any part of her dominions where they may choose to dwell. The African under her rule is happy in the enjoyment of liberty; he is not now sold as a beast: although the master no longer enriches himself by the unlawful gain. Africa desires no such boon as you would bestow upon her.

Africa and her children might love the United States if the United States would permit them. A common descent—for "God hath made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on the face of the whole earth"—a common inheritance of freedom, and mutual interests, should draw them together. The disposition of the African mind—I speak what I do know—is to cultivate the closest friendship with you. But if the United States still persists in severing these ties—if, instead of cultivating good feeling, of doing justly and loving mercy, she subjects the African race to injury and wrong, to taunt, to ridicule and insult in its grossest forms, and, *above all*, improperly to interfere in their domestic affairs—if she sends her emissaries, in the persons of her missionaries, to stir up her people to mutiny and revolt, and if, which is quite as objectionable, the public press of the United States shall incite her women, and the more illustrious the worse it makes the matter, to address them homilies on justice, humanity and religion, as if they were less influenced by them than you are yourselves, the *men of Africa*, deriving their spirit from their mothers and their wives, may be forced to adopt a very different feeling with regard to the United States.

My intermixture of Anglo-Saxon with the pure Negro blood, derived from my mother, who was descended from a leader of two African tribes, in no degree abates my ardour and enthusiasm in the cause of freedom, while the earnestness, sincerity and devotion which characterize the Negro race inspire me with aversion to all manner of cant and hypocrisy.

Elizabeth Jackson.

New York, February 10, 1853.

Foreign Correspondence.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

Dublin, February 4, 1853.

My dear Gay: It is only a week since I wrote to you last; and if I had not sufficient reason, I should be unwilling to trouble you so soon again with my kakography. But duty calls, and I must obey.

One day, about forty years ago, while wandering devious through the home of my childhood, I happened to stray into an apartment where my father, honest and painstaking shopkeeper as he was, was busily engaged over his accounts. He called me to him and told me he had a crow to pluck with me. Delighted at the prospect of such cheerful employment in such honourable company, I looked under the table for the paternal crow; but my pleasant anticipations were nipped in the bud when it was explained to my innocent mind that "plucking a crow" with me meant nothing more than taking me to task on account of some of my delinquencies.

Now I regret to say that I have a crow of a similar kind to pluck with you. In the *Standard* of January 6th, there are some editorial remarks on the "Address of the English Women" which strike me rather unpleasantly, and I have heard dissatisfaction expressed with them by some who are both impartial and unprejudiced judges. It may be that the ladies who issued the "Stafford House Address," and Lord Shaftesbury, who penned it, would have done the best and the wisest thing in abstaining from entering into any details respecting the way in which emancipation is to be effected, and in confining themselves to exhortation. Now, if they had done this, I do not think any fault would have been found with them; but they have not so limited their expression; they have admitted the danger of immediate emancipation, and have recognised the necessity of a period of preparation for the slave's enjoyment of his right to freedom. Every friend of the Anti-Slavery cause in the three Kingdoms who has, to my knowledge, taken any active part in promoting it, disapproves of that portion of the "Stafford House Address," and thinks it would have been greatly improved if this admission had not been made. I always thought that the grand distinction between the Abolitionists of to-day and the Anti-Slavery Societies of forty years ago consisted in the assertion by the former of the absolute wickedness of Slavery and the importance of the principle of immediate abolition. Ever since I became interested in the cause, I have been accustomed to hear the great importance of adhering to principle insisted on; and I do not believe that the objection to the "Stafford House Address" which you have alluded to arose from any other motive than a sense of the great importance of the principle of immediate emancipation being held up to the view of the people of their countries and of the United States in a document which was likely to excite so much attention from the circumstances under which it was issued and the rank of its promulgators.

When Clarkson and his coadjutors began their glorious and memorable labours for the abolition of the English Slave Trade, it was taken into consideration whether they had better attack the Slave Trade or Slavery. It has been often since regretted that, on that occasion, upon grounds of expediency and the greater chance of success if the more glaring enormity only were attacked, it was decided to limit their efforts to an onslaught on the Slave Trade. It is the opinion of many that if they had gone to the root of the matter, it would have been as easy to uproot Slavery as the Slave Trade, and that thus millions of our fellow-creatures who lived and died in Slavery might have enjoyed the blessings of liberty, and the great cause of emancipation might have been greatly hastened throughout the world.

Now, I do not subscribe to the justice of the imputation that "it is not so much that Mr. Gurney and his companions care to do an Anti-Slavery work as that they wish to thrust themselves into a circle from which their social position excludes them, and at the same time to gain the credit of other people's labour." We have a maxim in Ireland, that "Fair play is a jewel." Samuel Gurney was the beloved brother of Elizabeth Fry, and much of the good done by her was effected with the assistance of his great wealth and princely munificence. As one of the most eminent London bankers, he has little occasion to "thrust himself" into any circle in the Kingdom, and the probability is that the occasions have been much more frequent of his being sought by members of the English nobility than of his seeking their countenance in any way. It should not be forgotten that Joseph Sturge, by his zeal, energy and personal efforts, was one of the principal agents in hastening the abolition of the West Indian Apprenticeship system; and that he and George William Alexander, by visiting the West Indies, at a great expenditure of time and money (the first so important to men in extensive business) gave substantial proof of their devotedness to the Anti-Slavery cause.

Fully agreeing with the principles and measures of the American Anti-Slavery Society—indignant at the bigotted, mean and unjustifiable efforts that have been made to defame its members, to misrepresent their characters, and cripple their efforts for the good of the slave—I have never believed in the hostility to the Anti-Slavery cause which has been attributed by some to the prominent members of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. I think their great mistake has lain in this, that they have not acted for the slave as they would have done for themselves. They have refused assistance on his behalf that they would not have rejected on their own. If their own houses had been on fire, or their own wives and daughters in a state of horrible degradation, liable to every species of insult and pollution, they would not have rejected the help of men and women of undeniable purity of character, honesty of purpose, devotion to principle and great intellectual endowments, like Mr. Garrison, Mr. Phillips, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Mott, and many others I could name. In such emergencies as I have supposed, they would not have hired a man like John Scoble and made him the keeper of their consciences, and the director of their efforts—allowing him to ignore the existence of their best and truest friends, and to promulgate calumnies against those friends in such a treacherous way that they could not repel the stabs directed against their reputation, though they had no doubt of the hand that aimed the blow.

I have always attributed the shortcomings of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, or rather of the Committee who receive all the money and exercise all the functions of that Society, to religious bigotry—not to insincerity or dishonesty. They take upon themselves to say to devoted friends of the slave, whose money, time and talents have been freely expended on his behalf, "Stand by thyself; I am holier than thou." They will not allow that any are on God's side who do not utter the shibboleths of their own particular orthodoxy. This is not to do for the slave as they would do for themselves. These attempts to limit co-operation on behalf of our afflicted fellow-creatures to the profession of a particular set of religious opinions cannot be too much deprecated. It is not true that in order to feel for the bond as bound with them, and to labour honestly, zealously, intelligently and effectually on their behalf, it is essential to hold any particular set of theological opinions. And any attempt to enforce such conformity is exactly the same in principle with the state of mind that fed the flames of persecution and plied the tortures of the Inquisition, and now tramples down the wretched people of the European continent beneath the hoofs of priests and despots.

I am anxious that the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society shall set a good example to other friends of the slave who have been so far mistaken as to treat *them* with coldness and hostility, and shall uniformly act with magnanimity and a love of fair play, giving the fullest credit where credit is due, and attributing the slights and injustice they meet with to the true motives.

I believe that there are many contributors to the funds of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society in England who would have done much for the cause, by their energy, talents and money, if they had not been dragged into inaction by the Lethean cup of religious exclusiveness—and that until they shake off this torpor, they will never do much for the slave.

As to the circumstance you refer to when the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society stepped forward and claimed the credit of the efforts of the Bristol and Clifton Anti-Slavery, to put the English people upon their guard against American pro-slavery clergymen, the fact is as you relate it. As the Society is responsible for the conduct of their officers on their behalf, they are unquestionably to blame for what Mr. Scoble did in this as in many other matters, both of action and omission.

It is very seldom that I have occasion to allude to any subject of difference between us; but it is said that "an honest confession is good for the soul;" I think it better to lose no time in explaining to you that if, on the present occasion, Messrs. Gurney, Sturge & Co. have taken an improper course, they have done so with the full approbation of every British Abolitionist whom I have any knowledge of. The "Stafford House Address" is from the pen of a recent convert to the Anti-Slavery cause; and the ladies who assembled to set it going, although eminent for station or for talents, have not participated very actively in the proceedings of any Anti-Slavery Society, although I am aware that some of the most prominent of them are hearty well-wishers to the American Anti-Slavery Society, which they justly esteem "the noblest reformatory struggle of the age."

Ever yours truly, Richard D. Webb.

The St. Louis *Christian Advocate* (says the *Evening Post*), being struck with horror because a Sabbath school in Pittsburgh had added "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to its library, gave utterance to its pious zeal in an earnest hope that "for the credit of the Church, and for the sake of truth, honour, honesty and decency," the report was false.

The editor of the *Western Advocate* (continues the *Post*), at Cincinnati, has also *his* hope "for the credit of the Church." He says, "we wish there were not thousands upon thousands of slaves in the South, and church members at that, who, in connection with the privilege of attending occasionally at Sabbath school on the Sabbath, are fed on hominy and corn dodgers, and are driven daily with cowhides to their work by brutal and Christian overseers." Which of the two (adds the *Post*), has the "credit of the Church" most at heart?

Miscellaneous News.

Death of an Old Slave.—A few days since, Jenny Cade Moore, formerly known as "Aunt Jenny," died at Greenport, L. I., at the advanced age of 97 years and some months. She was born a slave, and was owned at the time by Jonathan Terry, at Orient, L. I., then called Oyster-ponds. She was a pure African, but was endowed with more than ordinary capacity of mind. Her ancestors were said to be princes, of which connection she prided herself much, and it was a peculiar characteristic with her to rule and command those around her. She was made free at an early age, and almost the last wish expressed by her was to be buried near her old master, whom she much loved. Her whole life was characterized by uprightness.—*Times.*

An Interesting Scrap of History.—The Washington correspondent of the *Pennsylvanian* states that during the proceedings of the Colonisation Meeting last week, Hon. Charles F. Mercer stated, as an extraordinary fact, that the act of Congress of 1807, in relation to the Slave Trade, provided that re-captured Africans, whenever our Navy might overtake them, should be taken into the nearest port of this country, and there disposed of according to the legislation of the State. Georgia passed a law that the captives should be sold; one-half of the money to go into the State Treasury, and the other half to the captors. And this, too, under the pretext of abolishing the Slave Trade. Georgia was asked to abate the law, but she refused. Subsequently, however, a law was passed by Congress to return such captives to their native land, and one hundred thousand dollars was appropriated for carrying the law into effect. Mr. Monroe was at that time President of the United States, and employed a gentleman to superintend this humane plan: thus, in effect, relieving the Colonisation Society of the expenses of an agent. So, Mr. Mercer insisted, that Mr. Monroe, in fact, established the first Colony on the Coast of Africa—Liberia—and in honour and acknowledgement of this, the Capital was called Monrovia.

The Ludlow Slaves.—We noticed a day or two since (says an exchange), that the twenty-eight slaves belonging to the estate of Israel Ludlow, of this city, had sailed for Liberia. These slaves, except two or three, were all imported from Africa to Texas during its independence, and were then young in years; they are now in the full vigour of manhood. The will emancipated them unconditionally, and they could have remained in this country—but Mrs. Ludlow, the widow, offered them the privilege of going to Liberia, instead of remaing in this country. This they accepted, but as they could not be emancipated under the laws of Texas, she offered them to the Colonisation Agent, Ohio, and the arrangements were made for their safe embarkation. They were brought to New Orleans as slaves, by the order of Mrs. L., at the expense of the estate, and hired out untill they could set sail for the new Republic. Their wages for this time, and for the two preceeding years, has been given to them as an outfit, to enable them to set up for themselves in their new homes. The agent, Mr. Christy, informs us that in a few days he expects to learn whether any of them suffered from the outbreak of cholera on board the vessel in which they sailed. He also informs us that there seems to be but little hopes of any governmental aid for colonisation, and that this enterprise will then be left wholly dependent upon the Christian benevolence of the country for its future support.

Twenty Dollars Reward.—Ran away from the plantation of the undersigned, the negro man SHEDRICK, a PREACHER, 5 feet 9 inches high, about 40 years old, but not looking over 28, stamped M. B. on the breast, and having both small toes cut off. He is of a very dark complexion, with eyes small but bright, and a look quite insolent. He dresses good, and was arrested as a runaway at Donaldsville some three years ago. The above reward will be paid for his arrest, by addressing Messrs. Armant Brothers, St. James Parish, or A. Millenberger & Co., 30 Caronddlet street.—*N. O. Picayune.*

This is the loudest "call" for a Preacher we have seen lately. Clergymen, we are glad to know, are in great requisition. The fact indicates a pervading religious sentiment highly creditable to the American people. But it is quite unusual to offer a reward for the Preachers who, for any cause, change their parish. "Shedrick" must have been a very acceptable "dispenser of the Word," to have his return pressed thus eagerly. In case the newspapers fail to give this notice sufficient publicity, the ministerial brethren of this "man Shedrick," who were so eloquent, a while ago, in their defence of the law which forbids "Preachers" of his complexion from seeking new fields of labour, might facilitate his arrest by reading the notice from their pulpits.—*Alb. Jour.*

An Extraordinary Case.—Mr. Weber has reported a bill in the Senate of Maryland, "explanatory of the act of 1717, chap. 13, relating to servants and slaves," to meet a most singular case, the particulars of which a correspondent of the Baltimore *Argus* thus relates:

"It appears, by the law referred to, that any white person found guilty of marrying what is commonly termed a coloured person, the parties are liable to be sold, the man and woman for a term of years (I believe seven) into servitude, and their issue, if any, as slaves for life. The case referred to is somewhat after this fashion narrated: A white citizen of this State, some years ago, married a female whom he believed to be of pure white descent. The woman is said to be handsome, of excellent qualities, and does not bear in any way the slightest marks indicative of her being otherwise than of the purest Anglo-Saxon race. The man has acquired a fine property, and is held in great respect by all who know him and his family. They have three children. Some person having undertaken to trace out the pedigree of the wife, alleges that her blood is tainted—some of her grand or great grand parents *probably* have been of the coloured species; and the parties have accordingly been indicted in one of the Circuit Courts of the State. A tainture of blood works the serious penalty mentioned. The indictment is said to be the result of malice. The neighbours, all who knew the family, have taken a deep interest in their behalf. It is said that Governor Lowe, upon due representation of the case, has offered to grant a *nolle prosequi*—which would relieve the parties of the process of the Court; but the parents, feeling anxious to redeem their offspring from all stain in public estimation, have preferred standing a trial, and hence the present action of the Legislature. This is not only a novel, but most severe case."

A Frank Confession.—We find the following in the *Christian Press.* We admire the frankness of this Baptist minister. He dares to enunciate in words, sentiments which thousands of others feel, but are too cowardly to speak out, though not too good to act out. Why should they not thank God for American Slavery, when they believe by its means the stolen African and their descendants have been rescued from barbarism and idolatry—saved from hell and prepared for heaven, as we are told thousands of them have been—when by its means the only missionaries will be raised up who are capable of evangelizing the African continent? How many of the thousands of ministers in this land have ever shed a tear for American Slavery? Alas, many more have been found to apologize for its existence or to extenuate its guilt.

"I have not a tear to shed for American Slavery."
"I thank God for American Slavery."
[*Quotations from Rev. E. G. Robinson.*]

Mr. Editor: I respectfully ask you to publish, on my responsibility, that the above are the very words of the Pastor of the Ninth street Baptist church, uttered on Sunday evening, February 6, 1853, before a large and enlightened audience, without a word of explanation. I send them to you that Mr. Robinson may vindicate himself (if he can do so) to the public for uttering words so repulsive to the heart of a Patriot and a Christian. I have too much regard for him personally, and too much interest in his reputation, as a Baptist minister, to consent to his being numbered among heartless pro-slavery apologists. Yours, respectfully,
—*Ohio Bugle.* Wm. Henry Brisbane.

Slave-Catching—Who Pays?—Most of our readers will recollect the case of John Bolding, the Poughkeepsie Tailor, who was arrested in August, 1851, as an alleged Fugitive Slave, brought from Poughkeepsie to New York, and went through the form of a three days trial; and although proved to have only one twentieth of Negro blood, was sent back to South Carolina into Slavery.

Owing to the good character of John, and the intellectual and religious standing of his wife, his friends resolved to purchase him. The history of that negotiation is interesting. The price first proposed was $1,250, or thereabouts; his friends offered to give that, but wished the claimants first to make out a *prima facie* case of his Slavery. This was agreed to. After the trial had proceeded a little, the sum was increased to $1,500, because "additional costs had been incurred." His friends, however, determined to give even that sum.

When the trial was over $1,750 was demanded, and the plea for this extra $250, was that the Marshal would have to be paid.

However, under the circumstances, Bolding's friends submitted to this exaction, and set about raising the money. It was soon ascertained that the amount was forthcoming. Then a new condition was attached to the purchase, which was, that Bolding must go back into Slavery, at all events, so to make an example of him, and teach the North the law. This was a sore condition. His friends demurred; but seeing no alternative and moved by tender sympathy for him and his sorrowful wife, this humiliating condition was agreed to.

John was seated in a carriage, taken to the steamboat, and just as he was bidding his friends and his wife's kindred good by, expecting to return a free man in a few days, both he and they were astounded to learn that *two thousand dollars* was now the price of his redemption.

This intelligence, communicated at this late hour, was, both to John and his friends, chilling in the extreme. The liberality of those generous and sympathetic friends had been taxed to its utmost. The claimant was remonstrated with, but all to no purpose. The plea for this last exaction was, that the Marshal's fees would be increased, with the other expenses, in taking him to South Carolina.

Bolding was then told by his counsel and friends that it was doubtful if this demand would ever be submitted to, and that he must not indulge any delusive hopes. He left peaceably and quietly, but with sorrowful emotions. He was taken back, shut up for weeks in prison by order of a mob, and had no intimation for a long time of what was doing by his friends. Those friends rallied once more, made a noble push, the $2,000 was raised and deposited in Poughkeepsie Bank and a telegraphic dispatch sent to that effect. The claimant, in the absence of Bolding's counsel, pocketed the funds, and after weeks and weeks delay, Bolding returned.

But the cream of the story is yet to be told. After four, five, eight and nine hundred dollars had been from time to time clapped on, to meet the costs, expenses, "Marshal's fees," &c., we have a document from Washington that gives us yet another bill, that Uncle Sam seems to be connected with.

Here it is properly certified:

IN THE MATTER OF JOHN BOLDING A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

Mileage conveying Fugitives from New York to South Carolina, 773 miles, at 37½ cents per mile	$289 87½
Maintaining prisoner three days at $1	3 00
Mileage of two assistants conveying fugitive from New York to South Carolina. at 37½ cents	579 75
Total	$872 62½

Dated March, 1852. Andrew T. Judson.

I certify that the above is a true copy of the original which is included in the account of H. F. Tallmadge, Marshal of Southern District of New York, and filed on record in this office.—Treasury Department, Feb. 2. 1853.

N. Sargent, Register.

So it seems that not only Bolding's friends were bled a couple of thousand, for a man who would not have brought his claimants on the auction block $600, but that $872 62 are taken from the Treasury to pay for a genteel ride to Charleston and back.

There is one feature more in this *respectable* man-hunt on which we make a passing remark, and we have done. It is this.

Barnet and Anderson, the *two* claimants of John, were both present at the trial. When he was committed to their custody as their slave, there is not, we venture to say, in New York a man so fool-hardy or insane as to believe, after witnessing the quiet, orderly, gentlemanly deportment of Bolding throughout the whole affair, that any danger of a mob, or rescue, or escape could be apprehended. And, least of all, was any such danger to be apprehended after he was seated in the cars, or on the steamboat, between his two captors. A cord or single pair of fetters, at one dollar's expense, could have made all secure. But they knew that even such was unnecessary.

Why then we ask is a Deputy and his two sturdy "Assistants," to ride 773 miles at $1 12c. per mile, to aid these claimants. But who were these "two assistants"? Were they Barnett and Anderson themselves? If so, Uncle Sam was very liberal to carry them home at his expense. Or were, they extra "Assistants"? If the latter, then the expense was most outrageous one, wholly unnecessary. But the Job on the whole is not a lean, but very fat one—and a Marshal can well afford to be nimble in slave hunts. Let us see. One dollar and twelve cents each mile. We believe few of our Railroads or Steam Boats charge beyond three or four cents per mile, call it four, and Marshal Tallmadge pockets the nett pretty sum of ONE DOLLAR per mile for 773 miles.

So that we now learn, that not only the Commissioner gets 100 per cent premium for sending back the fugitive, but the Marshal pockets a still larger fee. But never mind the Treasury pays. "What has the North to do with Slavery"? Oh nothing gentlemen only to be skinned, lie still, let you sprinkle in fine salt and pepper and not flounce, else the Union will be jostled.—*Tribune.*

Deaths.

Hull.—On Fourth day morning, 23d ultimo, Elizabeth C., widow of the late Wager Hull, in the 73d year of her age.

Colby.—At New Bedford, Mass. on Tuesday, 22d ult., Hon. H. G. O. Colby, formerly Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

Davis.—At Boston, on the 19th ult. Col. Wm. Davis, of Plymouth, formerly Senator from that County.

In the press, and will shortly be published:

THE AMERICAN SLAVE CODE,

IN THEORY AND PRACTICE:

Its distinctive features as shown by its Statutes, Judicial Decisions, and Illustrative Facts." By William Goodell, author of the "Democracy of Christianity," "Slavery and Anti-Slavery," &c. New York: American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, 48 Beekman street. This work will contain above 400 pages 12mo, neatly bound in cloth, and will be sold for cash at 75 cents single copy, $6 per dozen, and $45 per hundred. Also, in paper covers, at a deduction of 10 cents per copy from the above prices.

Orders may be forwarded to Lewis Tappan, 48 Beekman street, New York.

Extract of a Letter from Hon. William Jay to the Author.

"Your analysis of the Slave Laws is very able, and your exhibition of their practical application by the Southern Courts, evinces great and careful research." Your book is as impregnable against the charge of exaggeration as Euclid's Geometry, since, like that, it consists of propositions and demonstrations. The book is not only true, but UNQUESTIONABLY true

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N. B.—L. S. & Co. have recently published, and have now for sale, the "FARMER'S GUIDE," by Henry Stephens, of Edinburgh, and Prof. Norton, of Yale College, New Haven, complete in 2 vols., royal octavo, containing 1,600 pages, 14 steel and 600 wood engravings. Price, in muslin binding, $6; in paper covers, for the mail, $5.

☞ *This work is* NOT *the old "Book of the Farm," lately* RESUSCITATED *and thrown upon the market.*

Female Medical College of Pennsylvania.

FOTRTH ANNUAL SESSION.

THE next session of this Institution will commence on September 1st, 1853, and continue *five months*, closing on the 31st of January, 1854.

Persons wishing copies of the announcement or desirous of obtaining further information, will please apply personally, or by letter to the Dean of the Faculty.

David J. Johnson, M. D.,
March 3d—tf 229 Arch st. Philadelphia.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE WHIRLWIND.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

[From The Evening Post.]

WHEN I last visited the country beyond the Alleganies, I travelled from Wheeling to Lexington on horseback, in order to contemplate more at my leisure the beautiful scenery of that interesting region. On my way I fell in with a person also on horseback, going in the same direction, who seemed inclined to join company with me, an arrangement to which, as I had already travelled a considerable distance alone, I felt no particular aversion. He was apparently about forty-five years of age, of a spare athletic make, and a sallow, almost a swarthy complexion. His eyes were of a dull hazel; they lay deep in their sockets, and were surrounded by circles of a darker tinge than the rest of his face. Above them a pair of low, horizontal, coal-black eye-brows, gave an inexpressibly hard and ascetic air to his countenance. He wore a black bombazett coat, the tight sleeves of which set off to great advantage his lean arms, the large joints of his elbows, his big wrists, and the heavy hands with which he grasped his beechen switch and the reins of his bridle. The remainder of his apparel consisted of a well-saved hat, in that state of respectable rustiness in which that article is kept by decent people who do not often indulge themselves in the luxury of a new one, pepper-and salt-coloured satinet pantaloons over which were drawn a pair of rust-coloured boots, a black silk waistcoat, and a scanty white cravat, the sharp spear-like ends of which projected in different directions from under his brown throat. He bestrode a tall, strong-limbed, lean, black horse; across the saddle hung a well-filled portmanteau, and from under the pommel peeped a bit of sheepskin dressed with the wool on, placed there to prevent the animal's back from being chafed with the journey.

He returned a civil answer to my salutation, with a broad and prolonged enunciation of the vowel sounds, and a melancholy quaver of the voice. The tones, however, were full, mellow, and evidently cultivated. If I had previously any doubt of his vocation, it was now removed; and I instantly set him down for an itinerant preacher of the Baptist or Methodist persuasion. Adapting my conversation to his supposed profession, I inquired of him the state of religion in those parts. On this theme he was abundantly eloquent, and I soon found that he was a Baptist preacher who had been on a short visit to the neighbourhood of Wheeling, and was now on his way to some of the villages west of Lexington on the west bank of the Kentucky river, to perform beside the translucent streams and under the venerable trees of that fine region, those picturesque solemnities of his sect, to which they love to point as a manifold emblem of purification from moral pollution, and of the resurrection from the death of sin and the sleep of the grave. He told me a chequered history of religious awakenings in some places, hundreds gathered into the fold, and of backslidings and indifference in others.

Afterwards the conversation passed to other subjects. I could not help speaking of the exceeding richness of the vegetation in that country, as compared with that of the Atlantic coast.

"Yes," replied my companion, "the land is a land of milk and honey, and the clouds drop fatness upon it, unworthy and sinful as we are, who make it our abiding place. God maketh his sun to shine on the evil and unthankful, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. But are you from the Atlantic States?"

"I am."

"From New England?" inquired he, speaking more quickly than he had done before, and with something on his countenance more like a smile than I had seen him wear.

"No, from New York."

His countenance relapsed again into its former gloomy expression. "I," said he, "am from New England."

"Your friends probably live in that part of the country," said I, availing myself of that freedom of interrogation of which he had set me the example.

"Friends, if you will," answered he, "I may have there, but relations none. There lives not in all the United States, though they are my native country, a single human being with whom I can claim kindred. God has cut away, by a terrible, but, as I willingly believe, a merciful dispensation, all the ties of an earthly nature that bound me to my fellow creatures; the members of the Church of Christ, and they only, are now my fathers and mothers, and sisters and brethren."

"You allude, I perceive," said I, "to some remarkable event of your life. May I take the liberty of inquiring what it is?"

"Formerly," he replied, "it gave me great pain to speak of it, but I have related it often, and it does so no longer; and, moreover, I am convinced that it is sinful on my part to wish to conceal the dealings of God's providence with me from those who are willing to hear what they have been.

"You must know, then, that my father was a native of the island of Nantucket, and the only son of an emigrant pair from St. John's, on the coast of Newfoundland. My mother was from Wales. She was but a child when her father took passage for this country, with her and two brothers older than herself. The vessel in which they came was wrecked off Cape Cod, and all on board perished except my mother and four of the crew, who were picked up by the fishermen of Hyannis. She was received in one of the most wealthy families on the Cape, and was brought up by the good people as if she had been one of their own children.

"My father had been a seafaring man in early life, and had risen to the command of a merchant vessel. At the age of thirty-five he became acquainted with my mother, who was some fifteen years younger than himself, and made her proposals of marriage, which she would accept only on condition that he should quit the sea, which had been the grave of her family. He made the promise she required, they were married, and removed to the interior, where my father bought a farm, and settled as an agriculturist.

"Our residence was on the highlands west of the Connecticut river. There was a little decayed old dwelling on the farm when my father came to live there; he caused it to be pulled down, and had a neat white cottage built upon the spot. In this cottage was I born, and here I passed the earliest years of my life, and, speaking with respect to temporal comforts and enjoyments, the happiest. It was a lovely spot, lovely then, but now no longer so—it is bare and desolate—the besom of destruction has swept it—the winds, God's ministers, were sent against it, to raze its walls, and root up its shades, and slay its inmates.

"I sometimes think that the distinctness with which that abode of my youth and its dear inhabitants rise before my imagination is a device of the enemy to tempt me, and to shake my resignation to the decrees of the Almighty. A young orchard sheltered the cottage on the northwest, and back of the orchard rose a wooded hill. On the south side of the house was our garden, which bordered on a clear prattling brook. To the east were rich meadows and fields of grain, and pastures where I gathered strawberries and looked for birds' nests, all sloping away gently for a considerable distance, after which they sunk down out of sight into the deep glen of a river, whose shallow murmurs were often heard by us as we sat under the wild cherry trees before our door. To the east of the river spread a wide tract of country, in full sight from our windows—farm houses painted red and white, with their orchards and corn-fields and woodlands, steeples of distant churches, and a blue horizon of woods bounding the scene.

"Time went by pleasantly until my tenth year. Childhood is the only season of life in which happy years do not pass away swiftly. They glide softly, but they do not fly, and they seem as long as they are full of enjoyment. I had an elder sister, Jane, just arrived at seventeen; a tall, straight, blooming girl, who had been my instructress in all childish pastimes. She taught me where to find the earliest blossoms and the sweetest berries, and showed me where the beech shed its nuts thickest when it felt the October frosts, and led me beside wild streams in the woods, and read godly books with me, and taught me to sing godly hymns on Sundays under the trees of our orchard. There were two brothers, twins, five years younger than myself, to whom I now performed the same office; and beautiful creatures they were, if I can trust my memory, as ever were sent into the world to be recalled in the bud of life; fair, round-faced, good-humoured, full of a perpetual flow of spirits, and in look, gesture, and disposition, the exact copies of each other. And as they were alike in birth and mind, and outward semblance, so they were alike in their lives, and in their deaths not divided. I was their constant companion, and sometimes our sister, who had now grown to maturity, would leave her sedate occupations and join our sports.

"My mother was of a delicate frame, and a quiet and somewhat sad turn of mind. The calamity by which her family had perished made a deep impression upon her, and disposed her heart to religious affections. Her eyes would sometimes fill with tears, as she looked at us in the midst of our pastimes, and she would often mildly check our boisterous mirth. She was our catechist, she made us read our Bibles, and taught us our little hymns and prayers.

"My father was, it was thought, an unregenerate person, but he was what the world calls a good moral man, and much respected by his neighbours. He was of an even, quiet temper, never greatly exhilarated by good nor greatly depressed by bad fortune. I do not recollect ever seeing him apparently better pleased than when his children were noisiest in their play, when he would sit looking at us with great complacency, and tell our mother how much he was like us at our age. He was what is called a silent man, he said but little, and, indulgent as he was, that little was a law to us. The neighbourhood also treated him with great deference; his opinion was consulted in all difficult cases; he was made town clerk, and then sent a representative to the General Court, and finally received a commission of the peace.

"My father, as I have already told you, was originally a seafaring man, and his profession had made him familiar with all the appearances of the heavens. To his knowledge of this kind, acquired on the ocean and the coast of the Atlantic, he now added that gained by a daily observation of the aspect of the heavens in the interior, until he became celebrated in those parts for his skill in discerning the face of the sky. He was looked upon as a sort of oracle on the subject of the weather, and his predictions were reverenced even more than those of the almanac. It was not always that an opinion could be extracted from him; but when obtained, it never failed of being verified. His hay never got wet while lying green on the ground, nor do I believe that he was ever overtaken by a shower in any of his excursions from home. He would pass whole hours in gazing at the sky, and watching the courses of the clouds. An observation of the weather was his first business in the morning, and his last at night; and if the manly placidity of his temper was ever on any occasion disturbed, it was only when the weather was more capricious than ordinary; when it refused to conform to fixed rules, and failed to fulfil the promises it held forth. In this I think he was wrong, as questioning the providence of God, exerted in the great courses of nature; but who is without his errors?

"The country in which we lived was high and hilly. The streams by which it was intersected, flowed in deep, narrow glens, unpleasant from their chilliness, shade, and mists at morning and evening; and the farms and dwellings lay on the broad elevated country between them. Thus an ample sweep was afforded for the winds, which blew over the country with as little obstruction as on the summits of mountains. The snow was often piled in the winter to the roofs of the houses, and you might see orchards in which every tree leans to the southwest, bent and made to grow in that position by the strong and continued gales.

"In the last year of my residence in this pleasant abode, we had, about the setting in of Summer, several weeks of uncommon heat and drought. God sealed up the fountains of the firmament, and made the heavens over our heads brass, and the earth under our feet ashes. Clouds floated over the fiery sky, and brought no rain; the atmosphere was filled with a dull dry haze as if the finer dust of the ground had risen and mingled with it. Out of this haze the sun emerged at morning, and again dipped into it at evening, hiding his face long before he reached the horizon. The grass of the field ceased to grow, and became thin and white and dry before it ripened, and hissed mournfully whenever a breath of air passed over it. The birds chirped feebly in the trees; the cattle lowed faintly in the meadows, and gathered about the moister spots of soil. All this while the winds scarcely blew, or but softly, nor with strength enough to detach from the cherry trees before our door the loose leaves that put on the yellowness of September, and dropped of their own accord, one by one, spinning round as they descended to the earth. I had never known my father so uneasy and fidgety as at that period. He would stand for hours considering the aspect of the heavens, and even after the twilight was down, he was out by the door, gazing at that hazy canopy through which the stars dimly trembled. My mother, in the meantime, called her children about her, and taught us a prayer for rain.

"At length came a day of more perfect calm and stillness than we had experienced, even in that season of calms. The leaves on the trees were so motionless, that you almost might have fancied them wrought of metal to mock the growth of the vegetable world. I remember feeling uneasy at the depth and continuance of that silence, broken only by the gurgle of the brook at the bottom of our garden, where a slender thread of heated water still crept along, the sound of which fell on my ear with a painful distinctness. There was no cloud, not a speck, nothing but that thick whitish haze, to be seen in all the sky. My father went often during the day, and stood anxiously looking at the atmosphere, while I silently crept near him with my two little brothers. There was something in his manner that made us afraid, though of what we knew not. My mother, too, appeared sadder than usual. Once, when my father returned into the house, he told her that this was just such weather as had preceded the water-spout that overwhelmed the fishing-boat off the coast of Cape Cod, thirty years before, and drowned all on board.

"'I fear greatly,' said he, 'that some mischief is brewing for us or our neighbours; but I hope, at least, that it will steer clear of all our houses.'

"The night at length arrived, and no evil had as yet come nigh us or our dwellings. My mother saw us all in our beds, and made us say our prayers, and bade us good night, in that mild, affectionate voice, which I shall never forget; but for my part, I could not sleep, agitated as I was with the vague and awful apprehensions with which my father's looks and words, and the strange appearances of nature, had filled my mind, and which were struggling to clothe themselves with images. Sleep at length fell upon me, a deep sleep, and with it brought the visions of the night. I imagined that the profound silence was suddenly broken with strange and terrible crashings, and masses of earth and portions of sky were mingling and whirling and rolling over each other. I awoke with my limbs bathed in sweat, and it was long before my fear would suffer me to move them. When the usual current of my sensations was restored, I was comforted to find myself still in my own familiar couch, though in the midst of utter darkness, and that awful lifeless silence, so deep that I could hear the clicking of my father's watch in the next room.

"The sun rose as usual the next day, and the same calm and silence continued. My own apprehensions had passed away with the night, though I observed my father watching the cloudless hazy skies with the same air of anxiety. About twelve o'clock I was in the orchard back of our cottage, amusing myself with gathering the largest of the unripe apples which the drought had caused to drop in great numbers from the trees, intending to carry them to my two little brothers to play with. My father had left his occupations in the field on account of the heat, and was then in the house. Suddenly I heard a crackling sound in the southwest, as of a mighty flame running among brushwood, and blown into fury by a strong wind. Looking towards that quarter, I beheld a small dark cloud, enlarging, blackening, and advancing every instant, and under it the wood agitated with a violent motion, the tree-tops waving and tossing, the trunks swaying to and fro, bending low and then erecting themselves suddenly, as if wrestling with a furious gust. Birds were flying in all directions from the scene of the commotion, and cattle running affrighted from the wood in which they had sought shelter from the noonday heat. Then I saw broken branches, and green leaves from the tree-tops, and withered ones from the ground, and dust from the dry earth, lifted together into the air in a vast column, and whirled rapidly round, and heard the crash of falling trees, and the snapping of the shivered trunks, as if the Prince of the Power of the Air, having received permission, had fallen in great wrath upon the forest to destroy it. Before the advancing whirlwind the trees bowed to the ground, and the next moment were raised again by the power of the gale, and drawn into the vortex, and twisted off by the roots, and whirled with all their branches into the air, and tossed to the one side and the other, upon the summits of the surrounding wood. It was but for a moment, a brief moment of astonishment and terror, that I stood gazing on this spectacle. I turned and made for the house with my utmost speed, and, as I ran, I heard the roar of the whirlwind behind me, and was sensible of a sudden shade passing over the heavens. When I arrived at the house, and opened the door, I saw my father, who had been engaged in reading, just rising from his seat, and going towards the window, with the book in his hand, to learn the cause of the tumult without. That book was the Bible—and the recollection of this single circumstance forms a ground of consolation and hope, in the recollection of his sudden and unforewarned death, which I would not be deprived of for worlds.

"He gave a single look, the book dropped from his hand, and, before I had time to utter a word, he called out in his strong voice: 'Run—run for your lives—leave this house this instant—the whirlwind is upon us.'

"As he spoke, the sound of the gust was heard howling about the dwelling, and the timbers cracked and groaned in the mighty blast. My mother had hastily gathered the children, and was putting us before her to go out at the door, when all at once a terrible crash was heard over our heads, the walls shook, the windows were shivered in pieces, the floor heaved under our feet, and the ceiling bursting upwards in several places, showed us the roof raised and borne off by the wind. The walls and partitions of the house were swayed to and fro like a curtain. My father was a man of great boldily strength of the middle height, but brawney and muscular beyond most persons I have known. When I last saw him, he had put his strong arms against the wall that threatened to overwhelm us, and was bracing himself against it to give us an opportunity to escape. I saw also my mother, who had taken the two youngest children by the hand, her hair streaming upwards in disorder, making for the door. I found myself, I know not how, without the house, and scarcely was I there, when a rush of air seemed to draw the breath from my lungs, and I was lifted from the ground amidst a whirl of dust, and broken branches and shingles and boards from the building. How high I was carried I know not, for I saw only the confusion around me, but shortly afterwards I felt myself softly deposited among boughs and leaves.

"I must have swooned after I descended, for I recollect slowly recovering my consciousness, and finding my garments wet and heavy, and the rain beating upon me, I lay among the thick foliage of a maple that had been overthrown by the whirlwind. A man whose voice and mien were familiar to me, and whom, as my senses gradually returned, I recognised for one of my neighbours, came and took me off, and placed me beside him on the ground. Around me the earth was strewn with splintered branches of trees, rails and boards, and looking westward to the hill, I beheld where fences had been swept away, and stone walls scattered, and a wide path had been broken through the wood, along which masses of fresh earth appeared among the heaps of prostrate trees, and tall shivered trunks stood overlooking their uprooted fellows. At a little distance from me, was a heap of bricks and rubbish, and on my inquiring what it could be, I was told it was the ruins of my father's house. Then flashed upon my mind the recollection of that moment of confusion, haste and affright, which passed before I left it, and in a transport of anxiety, amounting almost to agony, I ran to the spot, I found the neighbours already gathered about it, and busy in removing the rubbish, in order to ascertain if any of the family were buried beneath; and weeping all the while, I assisted them as far as my childish strength would allow, notwithstanding the good-natured attempts that were made to prevent me. Let me hasten over what followed. I said in the beginning that I could relate my story without any painful emotions, but I was mistaken, for when I come to this part of it, I am always sick at heart. They were found—crushed to death by the fall of the chimney and the beams of the building—my father—my dear mother, and the two lovely children still in her arms. But where was my sister—had she been so fortunate as to escape? Even this hope was tnrn from me, for she was soon found where the whirlwind had cast her, in the edge of the brook now swollen by rains, the water rippling against her cheek white as snow, and her dishevelled hair floating in the current.

There are no expressions that can describe the bitterness of my grief. The bodies were carried to a neighbouring house; I followed them, I remained with them all night, I refused to be comforted but with the feverish hope, which sometimes crossed my mind, that the dead were in a state of insensibility from which they would awaken. I slept not, I ate not, till they were buried. I struggled madly and with moanings of agony against those who came to put them into the coffins. They were carried to the grave the next day, amidst a great concourse of people from all the surrounding country, who filled the house and gathered in a solemn and silent multitude around the door. The hymn given out on that occasion by the minister, was one my mother taught me to repeat from memory; and when they sang the following stanza, the eyes of all were turned on me by reason of my passionate sobbing:

"Man's life is like the grass,
"Or like the morning flower;
"A sharp wind sweeps the field,
"It withers in an hour."

I was not allowed to see the bodies covered with earth, lest my health might suffer from the excess of my grief; but when at length they told me they were buried, I suffered myself to be undressed, and led to my bed, from which I did not rise for several days after.

"The neighbour to whose house the bodies of my family were taken, a devout and just man, of the Baptist persuasion, allowed me to remain under the roof, and treated me with great kindness. He was appointed my guardian, and proved a faithful steward of the remains of my father's property. The terrible calamity with which I had been visited, had engendered a sadness that hung upon me like a continual cloud; but as I grew up, my mind was opened to receive the consolations of the gospel. I saw that the chastisement, though severe, was meant for good, and that the Lord, by removing all whom I had loved, and separating me from the children of men, had enabled me to devote myself the more entirely to the work of reconciling my fellow creatures to him. I came, therefore, to this region of the west, where the fields were white for the reaper, where the harvest was plenteous and the labourers few, and entered on my new calling, which has not been unblessed, with a cheerful and encouraged spirit."

Here the travelling preacher made an end of his story, but I had no opportunity of remarking on certain of its circumstances which seemed to me a little extraordinary, since just at that moment he found himself opposite the door of one of the brethren, a thrifty farmer, where he said he was under an engagement to stop.

WEBSTER.

BY GEORGE F. TALBOT.

[From the Liberty Bell, for 1853.]

THERE is no sentiment less philosophical than that, quoted in sombre Latin, over almost every fresh-sodded grave: *Nil de mortuis nisi bonum.* For the living always let this charity be invoked; as for the dead, they require it no longer. While Lachesis, with even or uneven thread, spins out the events of human life, who can know what crowning act may yet be to be done, that shall change the aspect of the whole. Seduced by great temptations, buffeted by secret fears that sometimes assault the fortitude of the heart through the infirmities of passion or of age, the captive soul has gone under the clouds of sin, it may be, for years—a mystery to the world, affliction to the good, a triumph to fiends and bad men. But wait hopefully, for even on the very barriers of death, a bitter repentance may retrieve all, and the light of the spirit, setting like the clear sun from an overcast sky, may tinge the lifted clouds of sin with hues of beauty. The whole anterior life may have been a conflict with adverse circumstances or a false appearance, the true scope and purpose of which was to be revealed in the great sacrifice for right, the noble avowal for truth yet to be made.

Who would have recognised the marty-courage of the dreamy and ideal Sir Thomas More, had he not been called to face the martyr's doom? Who would not have believed that the constancy of Cranmer would always yield to his physical fears, but for the tremendous energy of its recoil? Had our American Clay, upon his conspicuous death-bed, perhaps with weak consciousness self-chosen for its higher dramatic effect in history, embodied in an act the most obvious principles of the political creed of which he was the exponent, and of the Christianity of which he *trusted* himself a disciple—the emancipation of his fellow men, as whose owner he presumptuously intruded himself into the presence of God, how gladly would an admiring world have believed that this act, and all the fervid declarations, in the same spirit, that half redeemed his oratory, were the *true man*, and that his Slaveholding, his low personal morality, and the great support he gave to bad theories and dangerous modes of thought were only the false aspects of the man, the accidents of his position. But no. He was morally incapable of such an act. He was too feeble in spirit and will to achieve it, or perhaps even to meditate it. The destinies, too, would not permit a false interpretation to be given to seventy-six years of meanness and compromise. And so his death and his life were in perfect keeping.

But when

"Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life,"

when death, the great undertaker, screws down the coffin-lid upon features that can feign no longer, it is through the glass of history, and not the convex lens of eulogy, that the man must thenceforth be viewed. Involuntarily then every mind sums up its accumulated items of knowledge, and busily adjusts them into an image of the character. DANIEL WEBSTER is now the hero of the world's thought. No more careful are the household and friends, left there at Marshfield with the relics of his magnificent fleshly tabernacle upon their hands, to provide for it decent and honourable sepulture, than are the thinkers of the world, who have heard the name of Webster, to find for him a fitting niche in the gallery of memory, and condense into an inscription above it their idea of his worth.

From the general editorial notices, and still less from the more studied eulogies, that are to perpetuate the event through the next month, little is to be expected in the way of help towards a just criticism of the character of the man, now lying in state before the world. The mere fact of death overawes most men. They have a natural pity for him who is so ill used as to be compelled to die. So they minister readily the ineffectual consolation of praise. Besides, a tradition prevails extensively, that all men must ultimately die, so that the panegyrists of the dead, with an eye to thrift, are actually contributing to a fund, in which they have a contingent benefit. Thus the practice has grown into a conventionality which it is heathenish and impolite to violate. The eulogists proper of course do their duty. The great orator is dead—the man cunning in words! Bring orations, bring beautiful words, with which to leaven the air above his bier, as fitting as to strew the grave of youth with fresh spring flowers. History will borrow her tone from neither of these.

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glittering foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies:
But lives, and spreads aloft, by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all judging Jove.
As he pronounces lastly on each deed
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.

At some point in the story of human life historic justice must be done. If a man, on the breath of a depraved public opinion, has procured right to be voted down, and the laugh to be turned against truth, they must vindicate themselves sometime over his fame. Truth is dearer than any man's reputation.

Of Webter's intellectual endowments I have not the analytical ability to speak fully. In the department in which he laboured his talents were, for the most part, but the tools of his trade. They increased the force and extended the sphere, without indicating the character, of the man. They gave to his actions prominence and secured to him a large place in the observation of his times. He was as great an orator as he could be, without being a better man. From being the attorney of *individuals*, he rose to be the attorney of *interests.* To the causes to which he lent his gigantic powers of money, analysis, and arrangement, whether in the courts or in politics, he brought the mesmeric spell of a commanding presence, that transmuted into the dignity of eloquence the shallowest common places of the street, an emphatic repetition often of what was particularly feeble in form or in proof, a discrimination in the choice of words, more the fruit of exquisite taste than of elaborate culture, a marshalling of them in a style sparingly ornamented, massive as his own brain, the fashion of oratory for a half century. These were the instrumentalities and materials of an exhaustive and irrefragable logic, that only asked you in courtesy to assume its premises, and stand at its point of view, and then pushed you to its conclusions implacably, inevitably. But he brought no substantial originality, no philosophy, no warmth from the heart, no aspirations from the religious sentiment. He could be solemn, almost awful, like the thunder, never brilliant, or dazzling, like heat lightning; and when he descended to be familiar and facetious, he only became feeble.

He was self-conscious, and greater than his thoughts, because his thoughts were always contrivances, not inspirations. He never was the soul of any cause, as Cobden is of Free Trade and Garrison of Abolitionism. All interests and all subjects stood only in the client's relation to him. He advocated both sides of several measures of State policy, but he never, as it is satirically phrased, *made a hobby* of either. He was not *a man of one idea*, for he had not devotion enough to succumb to even *one* idea. He could feign the zeal, the indignation, the pertinacity of his client in arguing his case; but if he lost it, as he seldom did, he could walk out of court as coolly as his successful antagonist. When the high tariff system and the United States Bank went down, he, the fervid advocate of both, remained as erect as before, as completely alive to his personal interests. He was retained against Texas; but when Texas came in, in spite of him, his acquiescence was more than magnanimous. He was no Kossuth to fill the world with poetic wailings over *his lost Hungary!* The death of nothing could affect him; because he was identified with nothing.

He has spent his life mostly in Massachusetts, the most enlightened of the States, and in Boston, the centre of its refinement, but as he boasted he was not *sectional*, in any bad sense, so neither was he, in a good sense. Neither his culture nor his morals savoured of New England. Occasionally he mouthed the cant of New England reform, but oftener he ignored, ludicrously mistook, or openly derided it. Called oftener than any other man to inaugurate incidents of the nation's progress and celebrate its glorious anniversaries, he misinterpreted the lessons of history, deducing conservatism and reaction from the example of innovators and rebels. He has affected an over-veneration for the fathers, not for the purpose of stimulating us to imitate them, but to make us doubtful of the application of their principles, and tenacious of ancient abuses.

Since his day, our country, or at least the North, has entered a new era in legislation, adding to the negative theory of liberty, the positive practice of justice and charity. This beneficent policy has eagerly sought and sedulously relieved the unfortunate classes of society. For the criminal it has lessened temptations, multiplied restraints, and offered encouragements to reform. For the idiot, the insane, the bereft of the functions of the senses, it has provided the compensation of extraordinary care and kindness. For the large fraction of the people in a Slavery, tolerated still by religion and law, it has at last opened the eyes of its sympathy, and held up hopes of distant deliverance. For all, it has maintained a system of general education, while it has elevated the standard of the national literature far above the puerilities of the last generation. Our country has in all her past no more glorious epoch than this—nor the world.

Mr. Webster was not the master mind of this movement; he contributed nothing to it; he never even recognised it. So utterly incapable was he even of comprehending it, that he stood up before the Slaveholding barbarians of the Senate and apologized for it, as *Northern prejudice*, for which he hoped his constituents might be excused, their training having been somewhat peculiar. This reform movement has found its own heroes—men who have redeemed politics from their intolerable imposture, and religion from its accumulated *cant*—men who have honoured their ancestors, not by building their mounuments, but by doing their works. But they have been peculiarly obnoxious to Webster. He was sagacious enough to know that the rising of their star was the perpetual waning of his. Nature among all her gifts never endowed him with the manliness, the purity, nor the devotion, to be of them, and so he could but hate them.

Restricted by his deficiency of ideality, of philosophic insight, of religious sentiment, the intellectual range left for his oratory was exceedingly narrow. His views of subjects were practical and commercial Much of his eloquence was the earnestness of traffic driving its thriftiest bargain. His political ethics were mainly utilitarian and material. The hyperbole of flattery once styled him the "*god-like.*" He was the *Mammon* of Trade—the impersonation of the great World-Spirit that builds its marble temples in State Street and Wall Street; and like other gods, was altogether like his worshippers

The Seventh of March, 1850, was Webster's DAY OF JUDGMEMT. On that day he deliberately judged himself, and honestly confessed of what kind he was. He gave to the world the key to his character, the test of his whole life. There was no mistake in this step. It was not the good man overtaken in a fault, the unwary man thrust into a false position. It was true to himself. It was all he was capable of doing. It indicated the limit and possibility of his nature.

Up to this time he had followed, not led, New England and the North, in an earnest purpose to apply to the condition of the *people* the principles of democracy identified with our form of government, and the very nation's life—if that government be not a sham, and the nation's life a lie in history. The "*prejudice*," the whim, the monomania of his eccentric *client* took that direction, like poor Miss Flite with her everlasting suit in chancery, and he felt bound in professional honour to stand by and advocate it. Though this beneficent policy was not his own, though he never quite understood it, he had been its eloquent exponent at Plymouth, at Springfield, and in the Senate on the Oregon question, and might fairly claim to have it *imputed* to him.

There, he stood for days deliberating a foregone conclusion. Far away was his native North, shrunk in his thought to the smallest dimensions, no warmth in its bleak and frost-bound borders, save what came from city parlours and bank and counting-house grates—fanatical, *countrified*, contemptible. The sunny South embosomed him, vast as China on a Chinese map; and hot, as the reek of the agony and sweat of three million Slaves, came the treacherous miasm of Slaveholders' praises and promises. Above him, in the awful silence, was the *Higher Law*, but, having gone questioning it no higher than the top of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, and getting no response, it was as easy to argue it away, as for Falstaff to reason down honour. Before him lay a golden opportunity to do a great deed, a fair fame, and the approbation of God. On one side was a greedy interest speaking in threats and bribes; on the other a mere principle for the most part silent. The good angels wasted little time in trying "to stir such a dish of skimmed milk to so honourable an action." The tainted atmosphere of the Washington Slave-pens infected him. The spirit of intrigue, and of baffled or desperate ambition had gathered into the Senate, as never before, all the world-worn politicians of the nation, haggard with the wear and tear of partisan conflict, watching each other's schemes with dim, senile eyes, and checking each other's plots with feeble, palsied hands—men whose healthy instincts would have compelled them, years before, to seek the repose of private life, preliminary to the repose of the grave. Among these the Higher Law was a favourite scoff, and the principles of democracy an abomination. Foote flitted about like an evil spirit, with words of promise to the ear, so wofully broken to the hope; while Clay, intent only on embarrassing a *raw* President, who had supplanted him, looked askance, with cunning worldly eye, to see if his old rival would presume upon a higher morality than his own.

Under these circumstances it is not to be said that Webster *fell.* He only discovered himself, and must thenceforth seem what he was compelled to confess himself. It was not that his declaration against the restriction of Slavery was unexpected or consequential. It was consequential mainly to him. Some few unsagacious persons had high hopes of him, but the most knew he would fail in the hour of trial. When a brave, good deed is to be done, a brave, good man is wanted. Figs do not grow of thistles. It was not the greatest imaginable heroism to stand by the Wilmot Proviso in 1850. Any ordinary good man, of which there are several in every school district, might have done it and claimed no merit. But a mere attorney could not do it, however eloquent and impressive, nor a man whose vision had grown oblique through ambition, and whose moral integrity had been softened to flabbiness by praise and bounty.

Webster was meanly ambitious The artist should be satisfied with the rewards of his art, and the scholar with the fruit and fame of his studies. No department of literary or creative art has more immediate, more substantial, or more ample rewards than oratory. It charms the rudest minds. Men, who would never appreciate a poem or a masterpiece in painting or statuary, can be stirred to madness by the magic power of eloquent speech. Thus while the artist goes often to an obscure grave only with the hope of an immortality for himself and his works, the great orator receives his good thnigs in his lifetime; nay, in the very moment, when his full-wrought powers are lashing to enthusiasm an enraptured crowd, and the electricity of his genius thunders and lightens upon "*a sea of upturned faces,*" every billow of the passion which he excites reflects into his own heart a ravishing and ineffable joy. All the honours of eloquence were within Webster's reach, if not already attained. He had established a communication with the people, who rushed together at the mere sound of his voice. Senates and courts turned to him with deference and delight. Both hemispheres rung with the echo of his name. With all this and a complete consciousness of it, he wished, nay, absolutely *panted* to be President—to be nominal head of the nation, indeed, but to be also the *head lackey* of fifty thousand *lackeys*, of a jealous and jesuitical party-mechanism, that promised only the chance of four years tenure of pitiful salaries, for dirty services.

That he wished this is evident from the restless zeal with which, by letters and speeches, he followed up the demonstration of the *Seventh of March*, intruding himself upon the privacy of every man's thoughts, intent upon creating for himself a prominence of whatsoever character, and more than once plainly soliciting a place among the candidates. It is evident, too, from the desperate efforts made by men in his immediate counsels to *dragoon* him through the Baltimore Convention, and to run him afterwards independently, on the strength of the *injustice* that had been done him in their ludicrous defeat. It seems as if on the *Seventh of March* the desperation of this ambition quite *overstepped the modesty of nature*, and the infatuated eagerness of his lust for power threw off even the sham dignity of diplomacy. I know that the dishonest speech, which politicians in this country have so sedulously cultivated, always regards the men obnoxious to office as the victims of the importunities of *their friends.* Naturally all our great men have a *passion* for retirement; they are equally ready to die, and hold office, for their country, and their martyrdom to the calls of duty has thinned the world of statesmen, and stuck the land with monuments. Let this go into the eulogies, and newspaper articles, and flash biographies, and let the *Jew Apella*, and the heirs and assigns of his faith believe it.

Of what may be called his minor morals I care not particularly to speak. There is a class of vices even which do not *necessarily* defile the man. Sometimes, though rarely, the noble spirit compensating for gifts of genius, by an excess of sensualism, maintains, even in its slavery to passion, a dignity that, at intervals of intellectual serenity, asserts a higher birthright and a better destiny. But if, when age, bringing maturer thoughts, and an indurated will comes to the assistance of the soul, she does not set her house in order, and subject to their place the turbulent passions of youth, the suspicion survives, that the sensuality, instead of being an infirmity of the flesh, is a native and permanent taint of the spirit. But it is the intellectual, the spiritual sin, that is the index to the character and type of its quality. The organized church, however, hesitates longest, and scans closest these defects of the outer life, and perhaps *it* can apply no better test. Since it is understood that Webster passed that ordeal, gravest questions of this character must be considered as settled for many minds. The straight gate, that opening narrowly up scrapes so unmercifully the backs of mean penitents, squeezing under it into the pale, swings high and clear for greater sinners; nay, there are those for the sake of whose glory and honour gate-posts and walls shall be cleared away, and the acquisition, at such cost, be the standing boast of the church ever afterwards.

Webster had outlived his three score years and ten, and, by the intensity of his activities and experiences, exhausted a vitality that might have outworn four score. But he died in the midst of his worldly plans—farming at Marshfield, farming at Franklin—with convivial courtesies on no stinted scale to receive and to repay. His cases stood on the dockets of the courts; his fees had been paid that were yet to be earned, earned that were yet to be paid. Literary societies waited to inaugurate a new season with the announcement of his name. At the head of Foreign Relations, ghosts of abortive wars had scarce ceased to haunt the precincts of the State Department, and shadows of future ones not yet confronted with the skill of his diplomacy loomed on the near horizon. His *statesman's word*, as good as "*the faith of a king*," stood pledged to the execution of the Fugitive Slave Act, while its victims run the streets of Boston and Syracuse, and the large meshes of his *net of treason* swept formally through the halls of courts, and *took nothing by the motion.* Slavery was stealthily spreading over "the table land" where the "laws of God and of physical geography," as thundered from *his* Sinai, by a fiat unnecessary to be *re-enacted*, had forever prohibited it. Thirty ships, under authority of custom papers and *his official letter*, were buffeting the angry meeting of the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific on an errand of commerce, while swift steamers were dashing along under the shadows of the Andes with *his other official letter*, to head them off and pronounce them piratical. Surely the editors may well affirm, in the honourable phrase—"*He died in the harness!*" though certain of the Scott journals may lament in an "*aside*," that *he did not die in the traces.*

His departing was sufficiently edifying to the religious public. He anticipated the exordium of his own eulogy by announcing, as if to the Senate, his own demise, and talked beautifully to his attendants upon the subject of religion. Otherwise, the language of disease and physical weakness, under strong apprehension of death, is not to be taken as index of character. Give the strong man the credit of the best utterances of his unscared soul in life and health, and do not judge him by the weakness of his mortal fears, or the opiated breathings of his tranquility and faith. A florid Congressional orator has lately made a decided hit in eloquence, by portraying Henry Clay's advent to heaven, and his *overawing* the angels with his "*majestic mien.*" It might not be quite out of keeping in the man who sought to overawe Kossuth, and impress the hero-orator with a character so instinctively repugnant to his own, to try the same kind of manners upon the angels, and if his great competitor on earth should seek to make a like sensation by *recommending* to these denizens of the higher sphere *the subject of religion*, some friendly and good-natured spirit would doubtless take the first courteous opportunity to put them both on quite a different track.

Calhoun, Clay, Webster, the great triumvirate! While the nation mourns according to published formulas, and sheds tears on paper, deploring its loss, Humanity will count her gains. They lived long, they clung tenaciously to their large influence, but Humanity never hung her hopes upon either of them. They obstructed the better era; they hindered the coming of the kingdom of heaven. Along with them will depart much that is heathenish in our estimate of what constitutes greatness in men. *The old* goes out—*the new* comes in, and new times will bring *new and better men.* They are here now, only the shadows of these colossi have half obscured them.

East Machias, Maine, Oct. 30, 1852.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

THE Emperor of France was civilly married at the Tuilleries on Saturday, the 29th of January, and religiously married at Notre Dame on the Sunday following, according to programme.

——THE deaths of Viscount Melbourne and the Earl of Tyrconnel, with that of the Earl of Oxford, make no less than three peerages that have become extinct within the last fortnight.

——DEATH OF GREAT GRAND-CHILDREN OF BURNS.—We find the following melancholy announcement in the *Dumfries Courier* of Tuesday last: "Died, at sea, on board the ship Chance, from Liverpool to Phillip, on the 7th September last, Arabella Ann; on the 8th September, Robert Burns; on the 18th September, Arthur Vincent, the only children of Mr. Berkeley W. Hutchinson, Surgeon, Government Medical Officer of the Ghance, and great-grandchildren of Robert Burns." Mrs. Hutchinson is the daughter of Major James Glencairn Burns, and was educated in Dumfries under the care of her grandmother "Bonnie Jean."

——THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.—At the late meeting of the Peace Congress at Manchester, Mr. Cobden offered to enter into a legal bond to pay the Editor of the *Manchester Guardian* £10,000 whenever this country should be invaded by the French, on condition that that gentleman would in the meantime subscribe one shilling a week to the Manchester Infirmary. Lieutenant-General Brotherton, understanding this challenge to be general, wrote to Mr Cobden expressing his willingness to accept it, and the latter gentleman has replied, giving the name of his solicitor, and aggreeing to the bet, but with a suggestion that in order to free the General from any embarrassment arising from his position in the army, the bond shall be paid, not in event of the invasion actually taking place, but even should it be *attempted.*

——FEW of our recent autobiographers (remarks, in effect, a reviewer in the *Times*) have persevered to the end of their labours. Sir Walter Scott, born in 1771, left behind him in an old cabinet at Abbotsford an autobiographical sketch, which tells pleasantly enough of the writer's doings from infancy down to the year 1792, and then suddenly breaks off Southey determined, in his 46th year, to write the history of his life, but the exquisite fragment deposits the writer at the of fifteen in Westminster School, and there leaves him. Tom Moore seizes his quill in the prime of life, resolved to do for himself and the public what nobody can do half so well for either; and charmingly details the course of his history, from its dawn in 1779 until its noon in the year of grace 1799, cruelly leaving the afternoon, the twilight, and the black night to be described by other and less capapable hands.

——THE great historian, Ranke, in his work just published, has a picture of the Sabbatarian heaven upon earth. The time is that of Calvin: "Under his (Calvin's) guidance—for he also took part in the temporal legislation—the strongest fetters of discipline were laid upon outward conduct; the expenses of clothing and of the table were confined within certain limits; dancing was prohibited, and the reading of certain books, such as *Amadis*, forbidden; gamblers were seen in the pillory with the cards in their hands. Once a-year an examination took place in every house, to ascertain whether the religious precepts were known and observed; mutual imputations of failings which the members of the Council observed in one another were permitted at their sittings. No indulgence was known for transgression; a woman was *burned* for having sung immodest songs; one of the most distinguished of the citizens was compelled to kneel in the great square with an inverted torch in his hand, and publicly to entreat forgiveness, because he had mocked the doctrine of salvation, and personally insulted the great preacher. In accordance with a requisition of an assembly of the people, adultery was made punishable with death; and the man who suffered for it praised God, in dying for the strict laws of his native city."

——BETTING EXTRAORDINARY.—*General Brotherton and Mr. Cobden.*—Mr. Cobden presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Times*, and will be obliged by his inserting the following correspondence, which has passed between him and Lieutenant-General Brotherton.

Manchester, Feb. 2.

"Lieutenant-General Brotherton presents his compliments to Mr. Cobden.

"He sends him a duplicate of a letter he addressed to him yesterday, at his town residence, 103, Westbourne-terrace; but finding he is not in town, and not likely to return immediately, and as the letter might not be forwarded to him, he thinks it better, in order to avert the chance of delay, to send him this duplicate.

"Jan. 30."

"Travellers' Club, Pall Mall, Jan. 29.

"Sir—I perceive by the report of your speech at the meeting of the Peace Conference at Manchester, on Thursday evening last, you are made to say that, in order to test the sincerity of those who differ from you in opinion as to the probability of invasion, you will enter into a legal bond to pay down £10,000, when invasion takes place, to him who will undertake to pay 1s. a-week as a subscription to the Manchester Infirmary till that event does occur.

"Being one of those who differ from you totally in opinion upon this subject, I accept your proposal, and am prepared to perform my part of the engagement when I receive your reply.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,
"T. W. BROTHERTON.

"To R. Cobden, Esq., M.P."

MR. COBDEN'S ANSWER.

"Manchester, Feb. 2.

"SIR—In reply to your communication, I beg to say that although my offer, to which it refers, was addressed to a gentleman individually, and not to the public, yet as he has declined my challenge, and as your letter and duplicate, forwarded to me at two addresses, have come to hand before any other application has reached me, I have very great satisfaction and pride in transferring to a General in her Majesty's service the insurance against the risk of invasion which I had intended for the relief of the terrors of a respectable conductor of an influential provincial newspaper. I must, however, suggest one alteration in the terms of agreement as contained in your letter. Instead of undertaking to pay £10,000 when an invasion takes place to one whose professional duty it might be to prevent such an event from occurring, and who might thereby be placed in the invidious position of breaking the chance of his own defeat, I will, upon the condition that you subscribe a shilling a-week to the Manchester Infirmary, enter into a legal engagement to pay you the above sum of money when a French invasion is *attempted.* Enclosed is the name of my solicitor, and I should wish the bond to be completed as soon as possible—in which, with your views, you will I dare say, agree with me: and I have the honour to be,

"Your obedient servant,
"RICHARD COBDEN.

"Lieutenant-General Brotherton, &c.

"P.S.—I shall inform the treasurer of the Manchester Infirmary that a subscription from me to that charity of £2 12s. a year will be paid by you during your lifetime, or until the French attempt an invasion of these islands."

——THE following curious paragraph is from *The Dumfries* (Scotland) *Courier:* Jerome Bonaparte, the only surviving brother of the great Napoleon, married, in the United States, a Miss Patterson, who was a grand-daughter of one Robert Patterson, better, known in Scotland, and indeed over the world, as 'Old Mortality.' 'Old Mortality,' by some accounts, was a native of the parish of Closeburn, Dumfriesshire, though, according to others, the parish of Hawick claims to be his birthplace At all events, he settled, before commencing his well-known wanderings renovating the tomb-stones of the covenanters, in Morton, the adjoining parish to Closeburn, and married one Elizabeth Gray, *who was for a considerable time a cookmaid in the family of the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn.* 'Old Mortality's' wife, with her children, settled in Balmaclellan, Kirkcudbrightshire, and the third son, John, emigrated to America in 1776, and established himself at Baltimore. Jerome Bonaparte married his daughter, Truly, truth is stranger than fiction! This story, with the exception of the last link, seems sufficiently vouched for by the researches of the late Mr. Joseph Train, of Castle Douglas, the result of which Sir Walter Scott has embodied in his introduction to 'Old Mortality.' ('Library Edition of the Waverly Novels,' vol. v. pp. 5. 9.) But though that introduction bears the date of 1829, it makes no allusion to the circumstance that the Miss Elizabeth Patterson, of New York, whom the future King of Westphalia married, in 1803, was the daughter of John Patterson, of Baltimore, and the grand-daughter of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick's cook. And now a descendant of the Kirkpatricks is Empress Eugénie of France, married to another Bonaparte.